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[JULY 14, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.–C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.–The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Antibes. — Hotel du Cap D'Antibes. — Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Incl. from 70 frs., with bath from 85 frs.

Juan-les-Pins.—Ambassadeurs.—1st-class. Sunny rooms with balcony facing beach. Moderate terms. A.A., R.A.C.

Le Touquet.–Hotel des Anglais.–In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—P. de C. Golf Hotel.—Facing Links, Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

FRANCE—*Continued*

Mentone.—Hotel Stella Bella.—Full South. Sea front, own garden, sun-bathing, private beach. From Frs. 35. Open all the year.

Cap d'Ail.–(Nr. Monte Carlo)–Eden Hotel.– 200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rms., 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934. Incl. fr. 65 frs. With bath fr. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.— 1st. cl. up to date, fac. Casino, sea-view, open all the yr. Incl. fr. 50 frs., with bath fr. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bellevue.—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Stephanie.— The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Parkhotel.— Pension from M.14.

Baden - Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M.11 upwards.

Baden - Baden. — Hotel Europe. — Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Mod. renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. R.M.5. Pens. fr. R.M.11.

Baden - Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.— Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Kissingen Staatl. — Kurhaushotel.— World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof.— Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

GERMANY—*Continued*

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim. — Hilbert's Park Hotel. — First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kur-park. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Bad Nauheim.–Palast Hotel.–Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. R.M. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kur-hotel.—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

Cologne –Hotel Comœdienhof.–Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6 pr. bath fr. R.M 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne. — Excelsior Hotel Ernst. — The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the Cathedral.

Cologne.— Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.— Up-to-date renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Dir. Otto Holl.

Cologne.—Hotel Monopol-Metropol.—The Modern home for travellers. First class Restaurant.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class Hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family-home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The 1st-class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms, 20 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Düsseldorf–Breidenbacher Hof.–L. ht. Wld. ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6. 75 Pr. B fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading but not expensive Grill-room—Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.— nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its Hors D'oeuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.**–Sonnenbichl.–Golf Hotel.**–facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick —First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First-class Quiet location in old Park. Rooms from R.M. 5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.–Hotl. Reichspost. —The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest.

Hundseck near **Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Rest'rant Hundseck** (2952 ft.). Sit. Black Fst. 160 beds. Mdn. comf. Pens. fr. R.M 7 to R.M 9.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.–Hotel Der Königshof Karlsplatz.– First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. from 5 Mks.– New Garage in hotel.

Munich — Hotel Grunewald. — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts; moderate prices. Sit. the entrance of the old town. Opposite the Station.

GERMANY—*continued*

Sand.–Kurhaus Sand.–R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

Sasbachwalden.–Bl. For.–**Landhaus Fuchs.**– 20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house —priv. swim. pool—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Walchensee Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comft. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.— (Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. Opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Pks. Pen. fm. R.M. 12.

Wiesbaden.— Victoria Hotel.— First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring, Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

ITALY.

Stresa, Lake Maggiore.—**Regina Palace Hotel.**—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Gunten.–Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).–Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 11.50 up.

Interlaken.–Hotel Schweizerhof.–Renown'd excel. cook. & comf. Rooms fr. fr. 5.50. Pens. rate from fr. 13. Th. Wirth, Man.-Prop.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 100 beds. The best First-class hotel. Incl. terms 10/-. Garden, Garage.

Lausanne. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class. The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne.–Hotel Beau-Rivage.–Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–1st-class English House. Finest sit. on lake. Open-air rest. Pte. lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne.—The National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—A de luxe hotel in unrivalled sit., directly on lake-front, quiet, yet cent. Write for new broch. and map "E."

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar. Bch.

Ouchy - Lausanne. — Hotel du Château. — 1st.-cl. hotel in own park on the lake. Seat of Lausanne Conf. T'ms R.M. 5, Pens. fr. 12 up.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Wengen.–Grand Hotel Belvedere.–First-cl. hotel with every mod. comf., ex. cuis., lge gar., swim., ten., mount'ing, all inc. rates frm 15/-

Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau district. Inclusive terms from Frs.s. 14.50. F. Borter Propr.

The Bystander

Anthony

Olga Morosova—an Attractive Young Dancer

Morosova is one of the several young members of Colonel de Basil's Company who have made very great progress since last year's London season, and she now takes a number of important solo rôles. These include the First Hand in *Beau Danube*, the Tarantella in *Boutique Fantasque*, a variation in *Aurora's Wedding*, and, in two of the latest revivals, the Second Young Girl in *Papillons* and the Shuttlecock in *Jeux d'Enfants*. She has been with the company since its formation; is the sister of Verchinina, greatest of "symphonic" dancers, who is now living in Hollywood with her American composer-husband, Newell Chase. But there is no family likeness between the sisters' work—Morosova belongs to the gay, light ballets, with her spirited, fluent dancing, happy personality, and tremendous sense of humour

King George VI and His Scottish Archers

On his first afternoon in Edinburgh, the King inspected the Royal Company of Archers, his bodyguard in Scotland. He wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, with the green ribbon of the Order of the Thistle. He was attended by Lord Elphinstone, Captain-General of the Royal Company, Gold Stick for Scotland, and Captain the Hon. Hew Dalrymple, President of the Council of the Royal Company, Silver Stick for Scotland. Here the King is shaking hands with the Earl of Rosebery, an Ensign of the Royal Company

King Carol and His Rumanian Archers

King Carol and Crown Prince Michael returned to Rumania from Poland last week and attended the annual festival of the Arcasis (Archers) at Bucsoaia. The King was made Commander-in-Chief, and the Crown Prince was made a captain. Here, baton or club in hand, the King acknowledges his six thousand archers' cheers

Kings and Lesser Men

Below : M. van Zeeland, the Belgian Premier, was greeted by the Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, when he arrived in London last week for his two-day visit to discuss with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Eden his conversations with President Roosevelt and Mr. Cordell Hull on the world economic situation

Prize Winner

Miss Margaret Lane has won the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize with her novel, "Faith, Hope, No Charity." With her is Sir William Rothenstein, who presented the prize to her

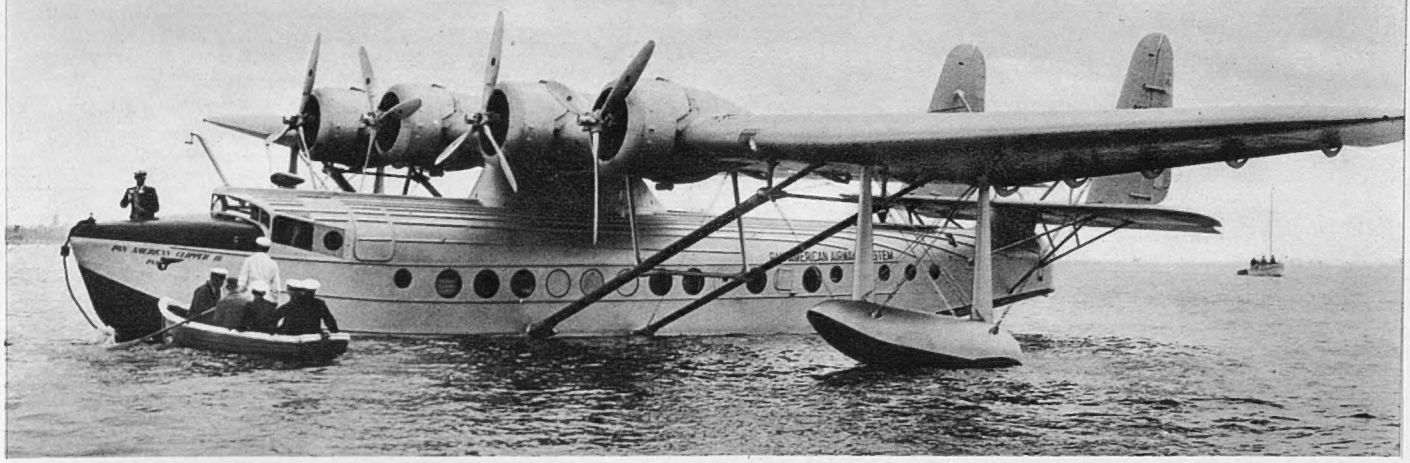
Congratulations on the Trans-Atlantic Flight

Mr. de Valera watched the landing of "Clipper III." at Foynes after her trans-Atlantic flight, and greeted the American crew as they came ashore, headed by Captain Harold E. Gray. The American flying-boat landed at 10.47 this side, and the British boat arrived thirteen minutes later (British summer time) on the other side of the Atlantic

The Belgian Prime Minister in London

The Passing Hour

By A. G. Macdonell



The Atlantic has become more of a millpond than ever now that they have started flying over it, not as a stunt, but as a regular coast-to-coast service. This picture of the Pan-American "Clipper" was taken at Southampton after its experimental crossing from Botwood, Newfoundland, to Foynes, Ireland, while the Imperial Airways' "Caledonia" made the east-west trip concurrently

THE Spanish situation is becoming kaleidoscopic in its day-to-day alterations. The latest factors in the game are the sudden praise of Britain by the hitherto hostile Radio Club of Portugal; Franco's discovery that only Britain could lend him enough money to reconstruct Spain if he emerges victorious; the certainty that neither Berlin nor Rome will keep the game up through another winter; Hitler's frank avowal that he wants the iron ore of northern Spain; and the realisation by Berlin and Rome that, if non-intervention breaks down, the French munition-works at Le Creusot are much nearer to Valencia than Essen is to Salamanca.

GENERAL FRANCO'S position is greatly complicated by the vagaries of his allies. Berlin is notoriously anxious for Britain's good-will, and also for a British loan, and is reported to be willing to compromise over Spain so long as its dictatorial prestige is not lowered in any way. The Italians, on the other hand, are keener than mustard for a knock-out decision. The General, therefore, has one friend who blows a little too cold, and one who blows a little too hot.

FOR all those who believe that the League of Nations and a system of collective security is the only hope for international peace, the Prime Minister's acceptance of the honorary presidency of the League of Nations Union is a very important and significant gesture. It is, in effect, a public declaration that this country stands firmly for the principles of the Covenant, and it will be carefully noted in Berlin. To persuade Germany to return to Geneva is one of the cardinal points in Mr. Eden's foreign policy.

PALESTINE returns to the limelight with the publication of the report of the Royal Commission, and there is likely to be big trouble ahead. The report is certainly pretty sensational, with its proposals to divide Palestine up into three States, one independent Arab, one independent Jewish, and one mandated British. There will be screams of rage from both Arabs and Jews, and some of the financial recommendations are liable to cause a good deal of heart-burning, particularly among the electrical and chemical gents. Meanwhile, leader-writers all over the country have been madly searching through classical literature to see if they can find an apposite quotation about a land that is divided into three parts.

THE Government has accepted the recommendations of the Commission, and is in favour of this division of Palestine into three parts. Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth are to be in the small mandated territory which Britain is to retain; Jaffa will go to the new Arab State, although geographically it lies within the territory which is to be allotted to the Jews, and so will the Dead Sea. The most difficult part of the negotiations which now lie ahead of the Government will be to persuade Jewry to go without Jerusalem. Zionism without Zion is an awkward pill to swallow.

Scottish Dignitaries

They were photographed leaving the Palace of Holyroodhouse after the King's Levée, and are Colonel Lord Crawford, K.T., Premier Earl of Scotland on the Union Roll, Major Sir Douglas Ramsay, eleventh baronet of Banff, Mr. Andrew Drummond-Moray, and the Duke of Atholl, K.T.

One comforting feature about the Commission's scheme is that it has had a good reception in Warsaw. There are probably more Jews in Warsaw, proportionately to the population, than in any other city in Europe.

PARLIAMENT talked finance most of last week, and talked it mostly through its hat. Many of the real experts on finance have been recently translated to the Lords, and the Commons have a weakish team when it comes to things like currency and exchange equalisation. The man who probably knows more about economics than any other member, Sir Arthur Salter, attended the debates, but obstinately refused to speak.

THE House of Lords was crowded, or as near crowded as the Lords ever is, when Mr. A. P. Herbert's Marriage Bill came up for the committee stage. Bishops in lawn, peers in subfusc suitings and peeresses in gay frocks in the galleries adorned the House. The main point of the debate was Clause One. This is the clause which seeks to prevent the presentation of a petition for divorce within five years of the date of marriage. Lord Atkin, formerly a judge, riddled it with a series of devastating salvoes. But the Lords were obviously afraid that if they threw out this clause altogether, the Commons might throw out the whole Bill altogether; so they accepted Lord Maugham's amendment, cutting the waiting period from five years to three.

THE moral of the by-elections is perfectly obvious. The Government's vote has fallen pretty heavily, but the Labour Party's vote has fallen also. This can only mean that the country is more or less tolerant of the Government, and has no enthusiasm whatever for the Socialists. This is the inevitable result of the internal policy of the Labour Party, which treats seats in the House of Commons as if they were the natural rewards for long service in the offices of Trades Unions, and which has a profound suspicion of brains. In consequence, the Parliamentary Labour Party is a muddle of futile and benevolent old gentlemen who are not the lads to inspire a great crusade in the constituencies. Their minds, and their faces, are woolly.

"ANY Old Iron!" was once the theme of a music-hall song, and the familiar cry of the hawker, but it has now suddenly become a critically important slogan. The shortage of iron and steel in the country has become acute, and those who use these commodities in their trade are feverishly combing the country for odds and ends. The price of motor-cars has gone up already, and other things are bound to follow. The whole muddle is a perfect illustration of the selfish stupidity of the Iron and Steel Federation when it killed, last year, the steel works which were to be put up in Jarrow. The Federation proudly proclaimed that it could supply all Britain's needs without Jarrow. Within a year it has been conclusively shown to have been talking rubbish. And, from the point of view of the safety of the nation, dangerous rubbish at that.

ON the Vandal Front, I have to report this week the demolition of twenty old houses in Berkeley Square and Bruton Street. Walpole, Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan lived in some of them. They were a part of history. Now they are tumbling to the ground while a Government which calls itself "National" sits back and does nothing to save the beauties which belong to the nation.

While I am on the subject of these houses, I must put it upon the records that there will be a big laugh coming to Manhattan Island when it reads the paragraph in one of our evening journals which runs: "In this Square lived the Marquess of Lansdowne, who conceded independence to the United States." Considering the unbroken series of defeats suffered by British arms in that deplorable war, the operative word in that sentence is "conceded."

AN appeal has been made for money to buy a few pages of an eighth-century Bible for the British Museum. It is the old Codex Sinaiticus over again. I can never understand why we should be badgered into such wild excitement about these old manuscripts when we are not asked to do anything to encourage young painters, sculptors and musicians. No money can be found for the rescuing of beautiful things which are in our midst, but plenty can always be dug up for useless pieces of paper which no one will ever see again after they are deposited at Bloomsbury.

MISS MARGARET LANE has won the Femina Vie Heureuse prize with her last year's novel, *Faith, Hope, No Charity*. In view of my steady and almost unbroken record of failure as a prophet in these pages, I must rush to put in print the glorious fact that, when Miss Lane's book was first published, I said that it was the best first novel of the year. I also must offer my congratulations to the committee of the Femina Vie Heureuse on being in such very good company in their judgment. Incidentally, Miss Lane is a brilliant journalist, as well as a novelist, and is one of the few journalists who ever got an interview with Al Capone in the palmy days of that beer-baron. If I were Lord Castlerosse, which, of course, I am not, I would add that Miss Lane is married to a son of Edgar Wallace and is very beautiful.

EVERY writer knows the difficulty of allotting names to his characters which shall sound natural and yet not offend too many citizens who happen to bear the names he has chosen. But there is surely very little excuse for the writer who calls his hero by the name of a well-known personage in real life. Mr. Barré Lyndon, in calling the leading man in his new play "John Fothergill," has obviously forgotten the famous host of the Spread Eagle inn at Thame. Mr. Fothergill, the real one, is certainly the most famous inn-keeper in England, and it was a sad blow when he migrated northwards to Market Harborough.

AFTER a long series of trial races, Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's yacht Ranger has been chosen to defend the America's Cup against Mr. Sopwith's Endeavour, and Mr. Vanderbilt himself will be in command once again. His crew, like all crews of American big yachts, are Scandinavians, and are brilliantly efficient. Mr. Sopwith will be up against a pretty tough personal element.

OXFORD'S victory over Cambridge in the annual cricket contest was a great pleasure to me. Not that I am an Oxonian or a Cantab, or even a failed-matric. at either. But simply because a couple of years ago I played cricket in a match with Mr. R. C. Kimpton, and, having seen him play, I laid a considerable sum of cash that the Tabbies would not get him out twice under fifty runs. Nor did they. So much the richer I.

Criticised

Dr. Frank Buchman was the star of Foyle's literary luncheon at Grosvenor House last week and attracted a gathering of over 2500 groupers and others. An impressive demonstration by international youth, as well as speeches by members of the Oxford Group, took place after the meal

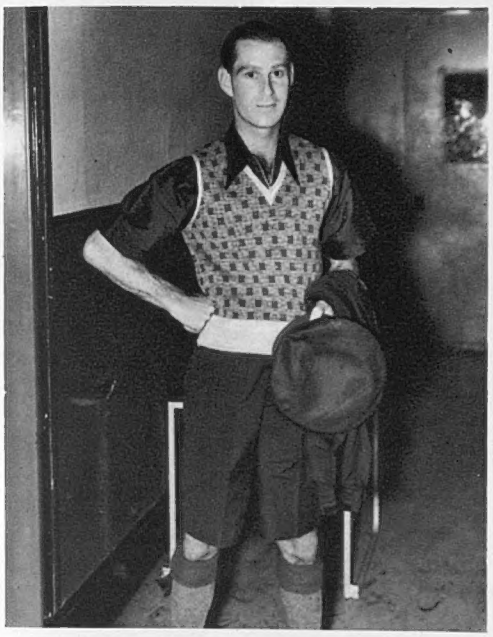
Critic

But when Margaret Rawlings, as guest of honour got up to speak, she accused the Group of psychic exhibitionism coupled with sensual satisfaction, and said a naked body could not be more shocking to Victorians than a naked soul to her. They applauded her warmly for her sincerity

Information that "Satyr" was to be withdrawn from the Shaftesbury Theatre last Saturday reached us after the pictures on page 47 had gone to press.

Dress Reform

The Attempt to Force Comfort Upon Men



Golf in Green Gabardine

That is the material of which this ensemble is made. Like many dress reform outfits, it insists on exposing the most unattractive feature of a grown man — his knees

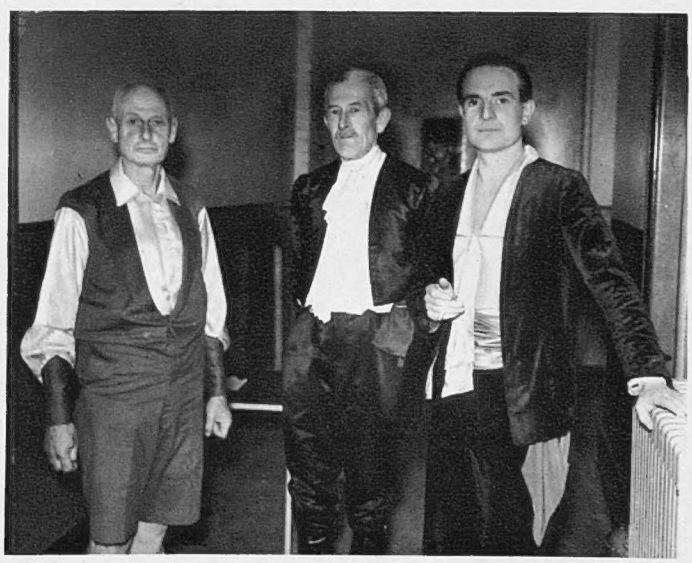
Evening Dress for the Future

Soft and light materials with more flowing lines seems to be the basis of men's dress reform. But whether it permits of ready-made bow ties, we can't say

Some of the Judges Practised What They Preached

The board of experts who judged men's reformed dress were James Laver, Dr. A. C. Jordon, Dr. J. C. Flugel and Mr. A. E. Bridgland

Men cling with pathetic firmness to their extraordinary clothes, some from conservatism, some from conventionality and tailor-domination. But the Men's Dress Reform League, shunning the clean sweep of the Nudists, are out to help. Under their auspices a Coronation competition in new designs for men was held at St. George's Hall, and later the prize-winners were televised from Alexandra Palace



Man Makes the Clothes

The chief attraction of men's dress reform seems to be that you design your own: no more hard and fast rules, no more hard and fast collars. Dr. A. C. Jordon, the dress reformers' honorary secretary, is demonstrating a costume of his own, so is Mr. Rathbone; on the right is a design of Mr. Stewart's

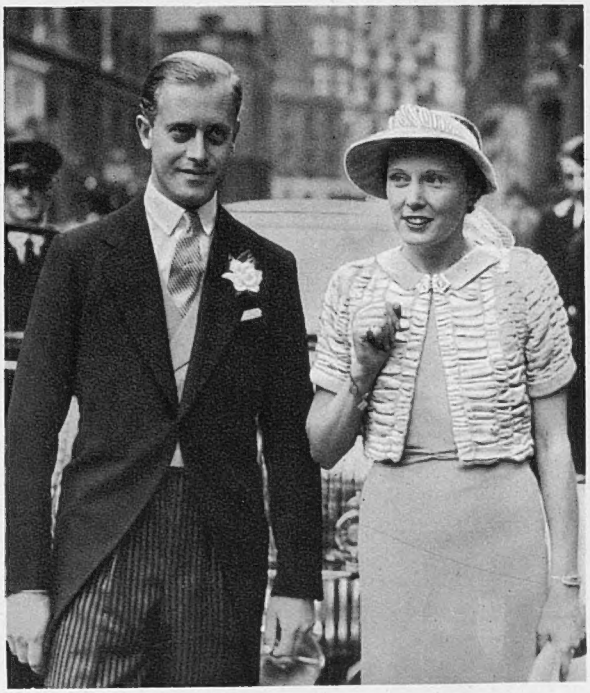
Ready for Anything

A Soccer player who has gone one better: Court dress with the wife's blouse on and a new pair of pyjamas back from the laundry is how anyone might describe these, if they were ignorant of the true hygienic and psychological significance. The one on the left is the much discussed suggestion for post-office costumes

Photographs by Sasha

A Wedding in Sweden

Prince Charles, Duke of Ostgötland, nephew of the King of Sweden, and Countess Elsa von Roden were married last week. By his marriage Prince Charles surrenders his membership of the Swedish Royal Family and right of succession, but King Leopold of the Belgians, his brother-in-law, has conferred on him and his wife the title of Prince and Princess



A Wedding in London

The Earl of Normanton and the Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. She is the daughter of Sir Frederick Frankland and Baroness Zouche

At a Weddi

The Marquess of Ca daughter, Lady reception at the Redm Hampstead after the

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

TORRENTIAL rain, black skies, and what amounted to a cloudburst spoilt the royal garden-party at Holyroodhouse. Guests scampered into the refreshment tents and thronged the Palace. Presently the King and Queen, with the Princesses, walked through the reception-rooms greeting their guests, and late in the afternoon they were able to get into the garden for a few minutes.

The Queen was in pink, and on the whole it was a pink garden-party with a good deal of black and white. Lady Elgin wore black with a white hat, and Lady Nunburnholme, who is in waiting on the Queen, was in white. She put a blue-and-white transparent mackintosh over her white dress, and most of the fashion effects were similarly handicapped. We saw the Queen talking to Lady Georgina Home Drummond, one of the oldest people present, and also to the Duke of Argyll, who, true to character, arrived on foot, fortunately before the rain began. He hates motor-cars, but is enthusiastic about the new "Coronation Scot," in which he travelled up from London with Lord and Lady Strathmore.

Re-United Cousins

LADY ELPHINSTONE'S youngest daughter was seen running through the Palace looking for her cousins, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. "I can't think where they have got to," she said, but presently the cousins were re-united. Lady Rowallan, whose dress was perhaps the most striking, made of multi-coloured spotted material, was seen wading to her car with her husband. Also car-hunting was The Maclachlan.

Lady Stewart-Clark, who gave a big lunch-party at her new house outside Edinburgh before the garden-party, was a vision of prettiness in black, with a black-and-white halo of ospreys. She had her sister-in-law, Rhona Stewart-Clark, with her, and Lord and Lady Elibank, who dined and slept at the Palace the night before. Two most striking women of different generations were Lady Mar and Kellie, whose vivid crimson coat was made of ribbon over a coffee-coloured dress, and Lady Minto in salmon pink, a slightly stronger shade than that chosen by the Queen.

Supper With a Chimpanzee

WITH the temporary removal of the Court and all the Scottish nobility into the northern mists, the past week has brought the first reaction from a very grand and formal season, and in Mayfair, at any rate, the younger elements showed signs of the frivolous, carefree influence of Season's End.

The ball in the Zoo fitted perfectly into the week's mood and over 1100, a very pretty, smart crowd, enjoyed a perfect warm night, though the weather forecast was threatening and a shower fell earlier. Larry Adler's virtuosity with his mouth-organ, suitably amplified, certainly reached the furthest confines of the floodlit Zoo.

One of the chimpanzees presided in turn at various supper-tables with perfect manners, eating tomatoes and examining, in one instance, a monkey fur cape in a naturally melancholy manner.

Ghost and Elephant

THE "ghost," which had been photographed like everyone else, made an eerie appearance, watched by a crowd of young women standing on chairs or lifted up by their escorts. The news-reel men, with their batteries of sun-arcs, naturally rejoiced when an elephant's trunk appeared through the side of the enormous outdoor ballroom. Recently-marrieds were lining up for their fortunes at the Sphinx's Head, a bodyless woman of much charm.

Supper in the two restaurants was notable for the long tables—Lady Howard de Walden's was quite fifty feet long, and at it, rather as at a school treat, was a gay family party with friends like Lord and Lady Grenfell, Lord and Lady Acton, and Lady Gloria Fisher. Lady Ratendone, just back from the Maxine Elliot villa in the South of France, had a party, and those younger hostesses who were not at the David Margessons' ball were mostly present.

The Hon. "Jimmie" Smith, one of the hosts, told us that his sister-in-law, Lady Hambleden, and Sir "Eddie" Marsh were holding a fork-luncheon in Belgrave Square on the 15th for the Theatre Supper-Party at the Dorchester on the 21st, when the Russian Ballet dances.

Cocktails with a Chimpanzee

THE joint cocktail-party given by Lady Tweeddale and Mr. "Johnnie" Churchill, the painter (nephew of that other noted painter, Mr. Winston Churchill), had intrigued many of us for weeks because some had received cards engraved in the name of the hostess and some in the name of the artist. The more popular had pulled off a social double and could proudly display both cards.

We arrived rather expecting to find two rival parties in the same house, but found the real surprise was Lady Tweeddale's two-year-old (chimpanzee) shaking hands

Reception

brooke and his debutante Mountbatten, were at the McGraths' house in brick-Kingsmill wedding

Lady Irene Haig and Miss Primula Rollo, Lady Kathleen Rollo's daughter, were two young ones on the Anti-Dud Ball Committee

The Anti-Dud Ball — a Cheerful Committee Meeting

The joint chairmen of the Ball were Lady Alexandra Haig (left) and Lady Dashwood (right). Between them are Lady Plunket and Mr. Cecil Beaton; the latter arranged the evening's entertainment—a series of mock-Victorian tableaux called "Cecil Beaton's Scrap Book." The Ball was held last night at the Dorchester in aid of the British Provident Fund

on the balcony with Lady Hélène Berry and others. How zoological we seem to be this week . . . champagne cocktail-buffets upstairs and down and very clever decorative panels by Mr. Churchill kept everyone moving. His fresco of Yester House, with all the Hays playing in the foreground, commanded the morning room.

Lord Tredegar reminded friends of his great birthday-party next week when the King and Queen visit Wales, and Lord Caledon told us that Irish landlords can now do their journey to town in between lunch and dinner, by air. Mr. "Sachy" Sitwell and his wife, the Peter Rodds, the Eshers, Hamish Erskine, Freda Lady Forres, the sculptor, Lord and Lady Cranley, lovely Clarissa Churchill (sub-deb) with her mother, Lady Gwendolen Churchill, were others there.

Excitement for Connoisseurs

THE finest ballet since Diaghileff's days, Massine's *Symphonie Fantastique*, always attracts an excited house of connoisseurs to Covent Garden. The enchanting scenes by Bérard should not be missed—a great future lies before such artists in the coming of the colour-film.

There were eager groups of friends discussing this ballet, which stimulates even those who have seen it often. Freda Lady Listowel in red, sat talking to Mrs. Oswald Birley and the Dowager Lady Hambleden was in a party, her eldest son talking to Lady St. Just and Lady Mary Baring. Lady (Gifford) Fox was a lovely tall figure in an ivory and gold tissue dress in the foyer; Mr. "Gerry" Villiers was chatting with Lady Violet Benson in black, and Mrs. Lovat Fraser brought Mrs. Eugene Goossens.

Divinely Tall, Divinely Fair

DAPHNE KINGSMILL made a lovely bride. Her gold lamé wedding dress will have been described before these lines appear, but not enough can have been said about her personal sweetness and good looks. She is one of the few people whose character shows in her lovely face—those kind, honest brown eyes and laughing, good-tempered mouth. Mr. Jack Purbrick is indeed a lucky man.

The garden at Lower Grove is a perfect place for a wedding reception or a garden-party, and the weather, mercifully, was kind.

Mrs. McGrath wore perhaps the smartest ensemble of all; a short jacket of pale blue moiré with glittering sequin revers over a black dress. Mrs. de Winton Wills looked very pretty in a lovely shade of periwinkle blue, ostrich tips decorating her pill-box hat.

Lady Iris Mountbatten, to whom the epithet, "divinely tall, divinely fair," so aptly applies, wore a similar toque in a lovely shade of blue, a ground-length dress to match and silver fox furs.

Sitting Cheek-by-Jowl

THE little Kew Theatre fairly bristled with well-known Mayfairites on the opening night of *Destination Unknown*, a new play by Audrey and Waveney Carten. White ties and tails, as worn by Lord Poulett, sat cheek-by-jowl with enthusiastic young women in coats and skirts.

At least two parties were given for members of the cast and their friends afterwards; one by Miss Gwen Farrar and another jointly by Lady Stanley of Alderley and Mrs. James Seely, at the latter's house in St. John's Wood.

Mrs. Dudley Ward, wearing a white halo hat and with her hair done in curls around her forehead, was among those in the audience; also her brother, Mr. Charles Birkin, and the Marquis Casa Maury. The play, which is full of thrills and surprises, including a full-fledged cabaret in one act, is expected in the West End in the near future.

Racing for Charity

WE are a charitable race, and the inauguration of a new idea in charity functions—*i.e.*, a race meeting—sent people flocking to Northolt last Wednesday night. A few, very few, hardy souls mistook the occasion for a floodlit gala at Longchamps, and turned up in evening dress, but most women wore a sort of Goodwood outfit and raced in comfort. The dining-rooms were always full, the bars much more so, and not a seat was to be had on any stand.

Many women wore no hats: the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, Mrs. Thursby, lovely Mrs. Mark Pilkington, and a dark, pale, good-looking unknown, who arrived with the Maharanee of Cooch Behar. Long, dark coats hid the dresses worn by Lady Anne Hunloke and the Hon. Esmé Glyn, whose mother, Lady Wolverton, was chairman of the charity, which must have benefited in a big way.

Background of Pillows

MISS MOLLY BISHOP gave a cocktail-party last week in the little house that she shares with Mrs. Lierneux. Several recent and notable portraits were on view in the minute paved garden, and Miss Bishop sat on a cushion beside them awaiting criticism and approval in lieu of pennies.

Lord Plunket, Mr. Profumo, and his sisters, lovely Miss Rosemary Robertson and Mr. "Billy" Clyde—the two latter receiving many congratulations on their engagement—were among those who came to drink champagne cocktails and eat cherries at this enjoyable semi-exhibition.

The portrait of the dark-eyed Mrs. Wardell is one of the best of all. As Mrs. Wardell has been ill, the picture had to be done while she was in bed, and the white pillows and a magenta jacket make an effective background.

MISS PEEPS

Scottish Presentation

Miss Sophie Stewart, stage and screen actress, was presented at the Holyrood Court. She is with her brother, J. Henderson Stewart, the Member for East Fife

Weddings of the Week

The Hon. Mrs. Domvile and Major the Hon. H. C. Alexander

Major the Hon. Herbrand Charles Alexander is the Earl of Caledon's brother and heir-presumptive, and used to be in the 5th Lancers. The Hon. Mrs. Domvile is Lord Bellew's sister, and her first husband was the late Charles Barry Domvile, of Loughlinstown, Co. Dublin. They were married at Marylebone Town Hall

Mr. Brian Doughty-Wylie and Miss de Hoghton

Brian P. T. Doughty-Wylie, Royal Welch Fusiliers, is the son of the late Hon. Wilfred Thesiger and Mrs. Reginald Astley. He married Diana de Hoghton, daughter of the late Capt. Vere de Hoghton and Mrs. Joseph Eccles, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mr. John Malet and Miss June Harrison-Broadley

John Wyndham Malet, 10th Royal Hussars, son of the late Major H. W. Malet and Mrs. Malet, of Madeira, and June Harrison-Broadley were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She is the eldest daughter of Captain J. B. Harrison-Broadley, of Welton House, Brough, Yorks., and Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, of 48, Lowndes Square, S.W.

Miss Daphne Kingsmill and Mr. John Purbrick

John Purbrick, second son of Reginald Purbrick, M.P., and Daphne Kingsmill, were married at Marylebone Parish Church. The bride is the second daughter of Colonel Andrew Kingsmill, of Sydmonton Court, Hants., and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, of Lower Grove, Hampstead

Left: *Viscount Monck and Baroness Vreto*

Lord Monck and Baroness Vreto, daughter of Professor and Frau Zaunmüller-Freudenthaler, of Vienna, were married at Caxton Hall and the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Lord Monck was formerly in the Coldstream Guards, and lives at Northington, Overton, Hants.

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 28

A. Christiansen

ARTHUR ("CHRIS") CHRISTIANSEN, thirty-two-year-old editor of the *Daily Express*, is of Nordic origin, as his head, stamina, and surname suggest. It was his Danish grandfather who settled in Liverpool, ran a string of grocery stores and founded the family fortune in this country. Chris' father was a shipwright, but from his earliest youth Chris himself was determined to go into newspapers. Fifteen shillings a week is what he got as a cub reporter on the *Wallasey Chronicle*, and his first assignment was also "his first intrusion into private grief" (!)—an interview with the widow of Brother Badgerley. Riding his own bicycle, he made the full-time provincial round of police courts, parish councils, football matches, funerals, and hotpot suppers. After a year he was earning 25s. a week, and when "Vox Humana" of the *Wallasey News* had pulled out his last stop, he was offered another ten bob to take his job. His own editor, however, paid him the same amount to stay, and as he was earning two or three pounds a week extra out of lineage for the national dailies, was cricket correspondent for a Liverpool paper, and swimming and water polo correspondent for another, he was doing very nicely for a boy in his 'teens. Besides, he organised a band of children to go round the local football grounds and collect the results which he 'phoned in at 1s. a time. This was worth at least a sovereign a week in the winter months and was his first experience of news-editing. In those days the future editor of the *Daily Express* wanted to become a sports writer, soon developed into a notoriously acid football reporter, and ran a campaign which led to the formation of the New Brighton F.C. He also instituted a half-crown competition for the best account of a local football match written by club secretaries. This put on an extra 800 copies during the winter and was his first circulation stunt. Similarly, his first effort at improved make-up was his suggestion to the head printer that an article on some parochial matter which was five lines longer than the exact column should be cut instead of being run on to the top of the next column. "What do you think this is—'Comic Cuts'?" asked the printer disgustedly.

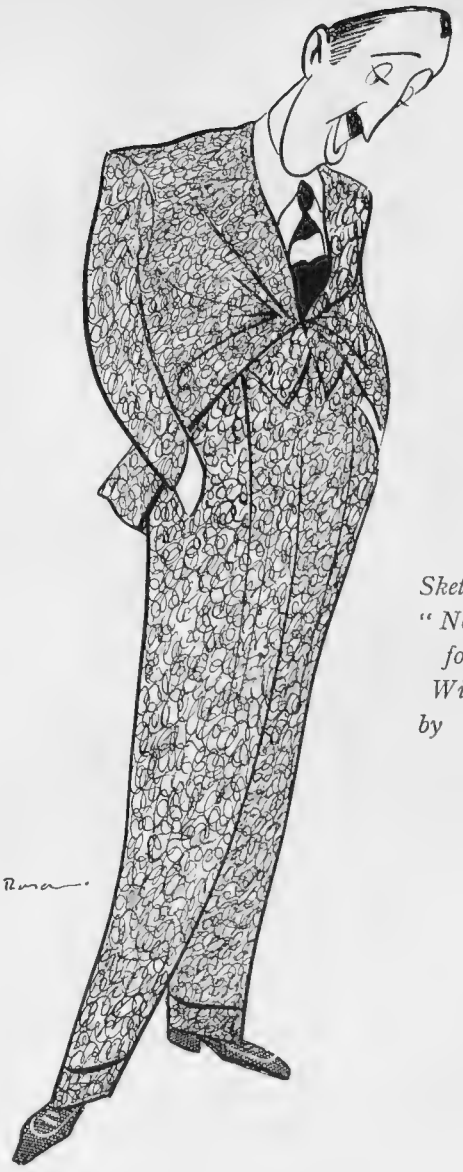
WE next find Chris as Bootle correspondent of the *Liverpool Courier* at £3 15s.; and after two years of this as a sub-editor on the *Liverpool Evening Express* at five guineas. Then one night a senior executive called him a b—— fool. Chris, who was completely overworked, fainted dead away and next morning was made chief sub-editor of the *Liverpool Evening Express* in London, starting at seven guineas a week. It was at this stage that he started to earn two guineas more by sub-editing on the *Sunday Express*. Within six weeks he joined the permanent staff as news-editor, having married Miss Brenda Wray the day before his appointment at £12 a week. Soon he rose to be assistant editor and then came the R 101 disaster. He was in bed at 2 a.m. when the first news broke. Rushing to the office in his pyjamas, he scooped the world. That was the turning-point in his career. Next came the British Earthquake story. By this time his salary had been stepped up to £1700 a year, and he was offered £3000 a year to edit the *Sunday Dispatch*. He refused, became Northern editor of the *Daily Express*, and after seven months assistant editor in London. Seven months later he was editor-in-chief at the age of twenty-nine, and soon earned a salary higher than Mr. Stanley Baldwin was getting as Premier. Since then there have been Royal demise, Royal Accession, Royal abdication, Royal Coronation; there have been the Abyssinian War, the Spanish Civil War, Royal assassination, Roosevelt's New Deal, and Hitler's purge. At first he was jittery and had to have injections of strychnine, iron and arsenic. To-day he is case-hardened to crises; walks on his heels like a sailor; sits cross-legged tailor-fashion; and taps his cigarette ash on to his left shoulder when cogitating. He has a flat in Clifford's Inn, a house at Holland-on-Sea, four children, and the signs of a paunch. He lunches almost invariably in pubs off Piccadilly; spends all his time with journalists or film people; and remains completely unaware of the fact that he is one of the most remarkable young men in the country. **Charles Graves**

The Theatre

"No Sleep for the Wicked" (Daly's)

ALREADY this "comedy of adventure" has a melancholy interest. At the end of its run, Daly's Theatre is to be demolished and rebuilt as a cinema. That is bad enough, but melancholy is slightly deepened by the unavoidable reflection that if *No Sleep for the Wicked* had been produced some forty-five years ago when the theatre was opened, it would have caused no surprise. It would have been as little original then as it is to-day. The author is D. L. Ames, a cousin of the President of the United States, which suggests that there must be a conservative strain in the Roosevelt family. Nothing in the way of a New Deal in romantic knockabout is forthcoming from him. His gang of gun-runners inhabit the cellarage of a tourist-haunted castle on the sea coast of Tangier, emerging from their lair to negotiate in the lounge of a fashionable hotel the sale of vast quantities of machine-guns to a fiery Arab chief, an awkward customer who seems always to be on the point of betraying them. In the same hotel, disguised as heavy drinkers or leisurely tourists, are the boys of the British Secret Service.

One of these boys perishes by poison with the name of the gun-runners' hiding-place on the tip of his tongue, and since he is Martin Walker, an actor who knows how to romanticise a dipsomaniac, everyone regrets his premature end. But the running is taken up by the hero whose foolish laugh can be depended on to hoodwink the cleverest international rogue; and the rest of the evening illustrates once more that the proverbial luck of the British Army is shared by the British secret police and that nothing can prevail against it. The hero's method of discovering the stuff of which his enemies are made is to put himself unarmed into their clutches. He can count on being able to garrot his negro jailer and snatch the revolver with which the mysterious "Number One" of the gun-runners covers him; and, at the last, he can count on the sentimental heart and quick brain of the beautiful woman spy his enemies have been so foolish as to employ. In short, it is the sort of story that would have disappeared from the stage long before Daly's Theatre was ever heard of had there not been audiences whose indulgence it exactly suited. The sophisticated may find it a rather somnolent affair, but the humorous adequacy of Peter Haddon as the Number One of the police, the versatility of Walter Fitzgerald as his opposite number, and Miss Claire Luce's complete self-identification with the part of the beautiful woman spy will probably help them to keep awake.



Secret Service recruit from the ranks of Wodehouse: Peter Haddon

Sketches of "No Sleep for the Wicked" by Rouson

Trusted British agent (but really a bad man): Walter Fitzgerald

Well able to take care of herself: Claire Luce

"Floodlight" (Saville)

BEVERLEY NICHOLS shows in the revue which he has written and composed for the Saville Theatre that it is possible to be both sentimental and witty. There is a good deal of satire as well, but here pity is too often allowed to hamstring scorn, and the cases in which the satire really bites as it bites in the attacks on the institution of the paid hostess and on the æsthetic humbug of the ultra-modern fashionable photographer are rare. But the sentimental and decorative pieces come off famously, and none better than the Duchess of Richmond's ball before Waterloo, a fine, romantic affair of tangerines and whites, scarlet coats and Hessian boots, lovers' hasty whispered vows and the summoning drums, all with music that may be of the wrong period but is unquestionably right in feeling. There is a clever cast. Frances Day has a silvery grace which is perfectly suited to her author's sentiment and shares with him the triumph of introducing Wordsworth without disaster to the light musical stage; Hermione Baddeley is as amusingly plaintive as ever; and John Mills and Lyle Evans, needed, but little used comedians, give delightful proof of their quality in the sketch of a speech-making dramatist and in the rebuke to an American who does not know that the port never goes to the right.

A. V. C.

Realisation

The climax and the end of the play is enacted in silence: Marius Goring as the maniac, Flora Robson as his mother, Ena Dorne as the intended victim and Ellis Irving as her rescuer

Suspicion

Marius Goring to his protector, A. E. Matthews: "I suppose he would have thrown the body into the river?" Matthews replies: "I suppose so. But see here, why do you ask?"

Photographs by Peter Clark

"Satyr"

The Pathological Thriller at the Shaftesbury Theatre

Perhaps the title of this play is more of an insult to the amiable woodland deities now defunct than to the unpleasant modern fiend who is the hero of *Satyr*. But the author, Paul Leslie, has not insulted his audience's susceptibilities (if any) in his delicate, moving but horrific treatment of the subject of sexual and homicidal mania. Marius Goring, as the youth whose balance between genius and madness forms the plot, takes the honours of the evening with a performance which distils essence of macabre in every gesture. Flora Robson gives a curbed tragic rendering of the boy's mother, A. E. Matthews is her doctor-lover who aids in the grim attempt to keep the maniac's crimes from the world and from himself

Right:

Ignorance

Patricia Mallinson is in love with the maniac-genius and persuades him to give her lessons: "How wonderful to be able to say such pretty things with one's fingers"

People Who Paint. No. 1

Augustus and Vivian John

Augustus John and his artist daughter, Vivian, are great friends. John's absence was a blow to the Royal Academy. Vivian's first show was in Kingston, Jamaica, where she was landscaping this spring

Cathleen Mann

Cathleen Mann (the Marchioness of Queensberry) is the brilliant daughter of the late Harrington Mann who painted children beautifully, including hers. She puts the paint on thick and catches character. Her "Mrs. Archie Campbell" was an early success, and "Merle Oberon," seen here, was in her 1937 exhibition

Charles Buchel

Right: Charles Buchel was in his St. John's Wood studio with his lovely picture of Doris Keane's actress daughter, Gonda, who is on the stage, like her "Romance"-famed mother. "London After Dark" is her third Hackett. Charles Buchel's "Lady Curtis-Bennett" is another nice painting

Irma Stern

South African artist Irma Stern paints landscapes and native types. Her recent colourful exhibition at Coolings' Galleries was opened by Lady Reading. Dominion visitors took a special interest

Cowan Dobson, the Scottish artist (seen here with his attractive wife, who is often his model) has painted such famous people as Amy Mollison, the late Earl Beatty, and now the Prince of Nepal. His parties in South Edwardes Square are amusing, especially when he agrees to do conjuring tricks

Cowan Dobson and His Wife

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Is the name of Miff Mole constantly on your lips? Or that of Kid Ory? Bix Beiderbecke? Wingy Mannone? Chick Webb? Charles Teagarden? Bunny Berigan? Frank Trumbauer? No? Then you 're probably only half-alive, judging by a brisk treatise on " swing " by Mr. Leonard Hibbs, recently published. To our shame we were in the same boat, being about as capable of distinguishing one kind of hot jazz from another as of distinguishing between the howls of different kinds of apes, which seems to us, probably wrongly, much the same thing. But there are apparently thousands of eager fans who worship the aces with the musical names we 've mentioned, fiercely arguing their precedence in genius and style, rushing to buy their records, and liable to tear anybody in pieces who breathes a word against the noises in which these potentates specialise.

Fascinated by their names alone, we went out and bought an armful of jazz-band periodicals, British and near-American; plunging at once thereby into a world rather like a blindingly-lit Harlem cabaret decorated in flaming yellows and dazzling nickels and inhabited by fifty raving jazz bands and thousands of high-powered negroes yelling themselves crazy for ever and ever. The odd thing is that most of the trade periodicals so far from going haywire, as one expected, are rather grave and thoughtful, like the *Spectator*, and discuss problems of the day with judicious sobriety. Will Slink Chump quit the Izzy Quicksilver outfit? Will Bugs Biffer get the same raves as the Swinging Gipsy when he gets in the groove with Zip Tungsten, ace baton-waver? Is all that stuff about Red Bonzano just banana-oil, or is he all set to get a break at the Jungle Club? Quite a lot of these discussions take place in good English, actually. It 's the New York Letter which seems to provide the real " swing " atmosphere.

Well Swung, Baby

SPEAKING of which, a current gossip-item from the New York Letter of the cheery *Musical News and Dance Band* may interest you. It concerns a young composer, Audrey Call, who has just written a tone-poem entitled " Canterbury Tales." The three movements are: " To a Lady From Baltimore," " The Bishop Checkmates," and " The Duke Takes a Train," and the opening theme " pits the martial strains of ' God Save the King ' against the melody of the Wedding March." The second movement really gets down to it:

> . . . patterned after the journalistic discussions concerning the famous romance, it melodically interprets quotations from the Bishop of Canterbury's fiery remarks and refutations written in H. G. Wells's famous article.

The finale, a pot-pourri " mixing ' blues ' with the fervour and excitement of departure," seems a bit of an anti-climax, as almost anything would after that.

" For the last time, Percy — stop taking corners on ten wheels "

Spadework Down South

ONE of the chief Sussex industries at the moment is discovering the remains of Roman villas. Up to quite recently the mosaics of the villa at sweet, hidden Bignor, under the Roman road to Chichester called Stane Street, were Exhibit A, and often, by kindly Mr. Tupper's permission, we 've gazed at that coloured head of Winter in the pavement wherein, as Mr. Belloc says, some Roman lord had bidden his slaves express the desolation of our cold, and of our leafless trees. (He fitted central heating as well.) Now there are three newly discovered villas to look at, one near Pulborough, another near Worthing, and the latest, a first-century A.D. building, at Angmering, where the stock-brokers go to gambol in summer. This villa has all modern conveniences, too: a large plunge-bath, drains, central heating. One can imagine the tow-haired, blue-eyed, bandy-legged, slightly cretinous men of Angmering gawping round as this palace went up, scratching their round heads and saying it was all very well, but the old Saxon mud hut was good enough for decent people.

When the Romans left a century or so later the Sussex men doggedly and with one will let the conqueror's villas fall into ruins and went on with their simple commonsense ways until St. Wilfred came to Chichester and reintroduced them to Rome and civilisation. Since then they 've built a lot of pretty nifty villas themselves, especially at Angmering, not to speak of Peacehaven, the modern world's eighth wonder, and although no Roman influences are immediately perceptible—they seem to prefer the Neo-Georgian or Golder's Green Style — they 've done very well and need advice from nobody.

Some people say that a lot more Roman palaces lie drowned fathoms deep under the sea off Selsey Bill, amid

that dangerous maze of shifting sands by the Owers Light. A Sussex builder we spoke to on the subject last summer seemed to think it was a good place for them, too. We suggested they might be interesting to look at. He thought not.

Minor Operation

FLOURISHING his pen with the easy negligent grace of an ace surgeon toying with his favourite lancet, Rover, Mr. Douglas Woodruff performed an amusing little operation on Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's physician, in the *Times* the other day. The distinguished patient had made in the House of Lords one of those extraordinary statements modern leaders of thought sometimes make, which baffle and astound the ordinary intelligent man by their colossal naïveté : namely, that in past ages people who ventured to assert the earth was round instead of flat were punished as irreligious and anti-Scriptural, and even " lost their lives in the cause they wished to espouse." To which Mr. Woodruff replied with mild but genuine surprise, asking who these unfortunate people could be, since from the Greek philosophers down to Aquinas and Dante the belief that the world is round was held by leading Christian thinkers and the educated laity alike, and has certainly been held ever since.

Lord Dawson was obviously thinking of somebody else. Perhaps he got mixed up by vaguely remembering Kipling's story of the Village Which Voted the Earth was Flat—not a frantically amusing story, though it sent Kipling himself into hysterics—or perhaps he was thinking of the handful of flat-earth eccentrics who dodge around somewhere to-day, quite unpersecuted. Even then he 'd got hold of the wrong end of the stick. The incident is extremely interesting, and can no doubt be explained by the prevailing modern belief that our mediæval forefathers walked on all-fours.

Is it Cricket ?

" PAGANINI " had a near shave at the Lyceum before Mr. Cochran reprieved it by cable from New York, almost coming off after forty-five performances, though as the West End stage goes at the moment that isn't a bad little run. Anyway, it has given Richard Tauber the opportunity of defending himself very successfully in an evening paper against certain criticisms levelled at him for impersonating Paganini, an emaciated non-vocal fiddler, Mr. Tauber being a well-built non-fiddling singer. Mr. Tauber's point was that it doesn't matter a hoot, since you go to the theatre for entertainment, not history.

It 's a good argument, but it can be carried to excess. Ancient playgoers who saw Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet in black velvet tights, for example, tell us that it was a very ear-reddening business, especially when Bernhardt got emotional. And we know an impresario who keeps on talking about a musical play he 's got, built round Abraham Lincoln. At a certain stage of the evening he keeps insisting angrily that Evelyn Laye ought to play Lincoln. People tell him not to be so jolly awkward, to which he replies with irritable gestures that once the audience has heard Abraham Lincoln (Miss Laye) put over the big number, " My Heart is Yours For Aye, Sweetheart," they won't give a damn if it 's Abraham Lincoln or Boadicea or the Black Prince or Little Nell or Charles Peace or Bonny Mary of Argyle or Rameses II. or who it is.

This may be so, and judging by West End audiences probably is so, but there is the case of Jenny Lind to quote as a warning to impresarios who under-rate, if possible, the nuttishness of a West End audience. The sweet features of Jenny Lind, playing Drake in Donizetti's opera, *Drake*, looked so odd peering anxiously from a thick grizzled beard pouring out a succession of high, pure bird-notes mingled with sailorly oaths that everybody began to grumble. " How foolish ! " commented Gladstone. " That 's not *my* conception of Drake ! " " You 're right at that, William," said an admirer, and many people agreed with him.

Idioms. No. 3

" Venez étrangler un perroquet ? "
" Let 's have a drink ! "

I 've got bayonet practice and scripture for homework to-night "

Pips to You

AFTER a ding-dong struggle, in which physique, nerve, and stamina were tested to the full, Austria won the World Bridge Championship at Budapest the other day, beating the redoubtable Mr. Culbertson's team to second place. The Austrians' training had been severe and they were in the pink of condition, as you have to be for championship bridge. Even in Kensington bridge clubs, among the leathery colonels and steel-faced ladies, the weakest goes to the wall and the fittest survives. It 's a game played in an electric atmosphere of terrific hate, fury, and terror ; for which reason, playing it but moderately and only when forced so to do, we 've always found a bold front and quick, offensive tactics pay best.

You can defeat one of those strange terrible women who bark, " *Why did you discard the nine of spades ?* " by replying instantly : " Because I love you." This brings her up all standing, as sailing men say, and carries away her bobstay. She barks " *What ?* ", and you repeat, very clearly, every syllable distinctly articulated : " *Because* I *love* you." A purple military-looking face may here interject : " Damn you, sir, that 's my wife ! " You say in surprise, " Your wife, sir ? " and the face says, " Yes, damn you ! ", and you then say, " I regret that exceedingly, sir, for all our sakes, but I cannot help being what I am—namely, one who is filled with a great consuming love for all people who resemble your wife, also all birds, flowers, little furry denizens of the woodland, old mice, show-girls, vegetarians, and members of the Stock Exchange." You then go off into a long

explanation and defence of your position, making graceful, courteous gestures and speaking very fast in a mellow cultivated, reasonable voice, like that of a hurried flute. You will find that no bridge-party on earth can stand up long to this. They aren't used to it. It 'll stun them silly, and you 'll get away with that nine of spades business with ease. Remember Danton's "*Toujours l'audace!*", and beat them to it.

Floodlight on Wimbledon

PRETTY tough and odious the Wimbledon racket seems to be, judging by the revelations of "a Wimbledon player" in a daily paper recently. We all knew that the financial end of the business, whereby ace "amateurs" derive thumping incomes from manufacturers of rackets, balls, and other equipment—not to speak of profitable sidelines like dress, millinery, face cream, tonics and what-not—flourishes openly and cynically, and we also knew that these "amateurs" treat decent professionals like Fred Perry as if they were dirt. But there seems to be more to the racket than snobbery and rake-offs. The mother-complex, for example. The mothers of those big bouncing girls are apparently a scourge. They hang round the Wimbledon dressing-rooms and make fusses, sob openly when their daughters are beaten, and are a hell of a nuisance to everybody. And beyond that, again, there is the unpleasant nature of the boys and girls themselves. "We lawn tennis players are a catty lot," remarked the writer of the article blandly. "The great amusement between matches is to pick the man or woman whom we think is the meanest, the stupidest, or the ugliest player in the tournament."

He wound up by mentioning that five of this season's Wimbledon players are due to go through the Divorce Court, which is surprising only when you look at 'em, perhaps. One somehow never connects anything so human as love with those muscular iron-faced guys and babies, just as one never thinks of it in connection with cricketers. But apparently they mate, in some harsh overbearing manner, and Cupid takes a passing sock at them as at anybody else, though it probably hurts Cupid more than it hurts them.

Les Dining Boys

SURVEYING a few of London's dining clubs, somebody recently—we suspect it to have been Sir Max Pemberton—gave an interesting résumé of their proceedings. The leading ones are "Our Society," formerly known as "The Murder Club," which is highly exclusive and goes in for criminology, meeting thrice yearly at the Café Royal; the Omar Khayyám, which meets thrice yearly at Pagani's, wears red roses, drinks red wine, and makes that rather so-so Persian poet a good excuse for the wittiest after-dinner speeches in Town; the Odd Volumes, who are all booksy; and the Pilgrims, perhaps the most interesting, in a way, of all.

The Pilgrims entertain eminent American visitors on this side, and the New York Pilgrims do the same for our big boys. In each case the speeches are worth hearing. The British ones are all about what grand fellows Americans are, and the American ones are all about what swell guys we are, and the general idea on both sides is that we 're pretty fine specimens and love each other tremendously, as we should, having all things in common and being, so to speak, brothers. Having listened to the speeches at a Pilgrims' dinner on this side you then go to America, all aglow, and find they 're foreigners, that however charming they may be to you (as they are), you 're a foreigner to them as well, and that what you have in common with them can be counted on the fingers of a man with no fingers but one horny thumb. For this reason the student of actuality should endeavour, having been at a Pilgrims' dinner, to get himself invited as a guest of the Omar Khayyám, where polite and brilliant guying is the tradition, and anybody fussy and important is as likely to find himself charmingly deflated by Philip Guedalla or Sir Denison Ross as sincerely complimented (which may also occur).

The next best speeches to these may be heard at the Rats' Club, an exclusive lunching club which, as we may have mentioned before, is unique because its members are rarely present. They exchange complaints and insults by post-card, or through the medium of strangers, or (in the case of wealthy members like A. G. Macdonell) by special messenger, but to meet is death to them. Hence the after-luncheon speech-making is done by each member in the privacy of his own apartments, in the street, or wherever he happens to be at the time, and some of them are very fine indeed, they themselves admit.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"*I told you not to trim your hat with the decoy duck*"

Summer Ballet Season

By Arnold Haskell

THE present has been the busiest ballet season on record, and we are still in the midst of it with some important new works to come.

Certainly the surprise has been the Philadelphia Company (strangely enough not " of Monte Carlo ") at the Hippodrome. But two years old and with a purely local reputation they have succeeded in establishing themselves as an organisation of importance, have produced one undoubted masterpiece, *Barn Dance*, and in *Bolero* and *Terminal* other works of interest that introduced a new and promising choregrapher, Catherine Littlefield, who also showed herself to be a dancer of charm and intelligence with a quiet but compelling personality.

Though any comparison is unfair on either side there was much that every company could have learnt from the Philadelphians, in the matter of *complete* productions especially, and by complete I mean productions to music specially composed for the purpose and first heard as ballets. Also, the Philadelphians returned to the Diaghileff practice of playing new compositions as orchestral interludes, instead of the inevitable pieces that serve as a background for conversation. Miss Littlefield and her young and musical company can rest assured of a warm welcome whenever they return. It is a pity that so many of the ballet audience were too apathetic to go slightly off the beaten track to discover this novelty for themselves.

RENÉ BLUM'S company was on the whole much less successful than last year, not because it was shorn of some of its important principals, but because the corps de ballet, so brilliant when it started, has become somewhat listless and decidedly ragged as regards tempo.

Also the new productions were not of the front rank. *Les Elfes* to a mélange of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and parts 2 and 3 of the violin concerto was interestingly worked out and contained the masterly grouping one expects from Fokine, with the exception of an unfortunate viewpoint at curtain rise; but the costumes killed it as a production, making many of the men appear ridiculous and the women fat. *Ygroutchka* (*Russian Dolls*) was an amusing joke in the Balieff manner, made distinguished by Gontcharova's costumes—she alone can make the usual Russian scene unusual—and *Aragonesa*, an *Olé, Olé*, Spanish fragment had only Mariano Andrieu's costumes and settings to give it any colour. Neither work can add to the reputation of Fokine. Save for the inexplicable lapse of *Les Elfes* one cannot praise René Blum's taste in decoration too highly. With last year's *L'Épreuve d'Amour* by Derain (how well it has worn), he has given us the most harmonious set since the classics.

The last production, *Les Elements*, to music by Bach, showed the masterly working out of a musical problem and eighteenth-century style dance magnificently presented, but it lacked an interesting development and bordered on the monotonous. Bach is not a wise choice for ballet of any length. Bouchenne's costumes were beautiful in part, but some of them were too suggestive of revue to keep company with Bach or with Fokine's tremendous understanding of period. Benois was the obvious choice for such a work, as those who have seen his exhibition at Tooth's, a great event in the ballet season, will immediately understand.

THE outstanding dancer of this company has been the young Hollywood girl, Nana Gollner, whom I mentioned in these columns last year as a great find. She has the easiest technique imaginable, together with great physical beauty. Her Swan Princess was technically an exceptional performance. All that remains now is for her to investigate further the emotional side of her art. Tatiana Leslie, a natural stylist, if ever there was, requires more animation, Nina Tarakanova full of animation needs more technique. Marie Ruanova alone showed a great advance, artistic and technical, and at times overcame the fact that she is not clearly indicated to dance *Les Sylphides*.

Of the men Eglevsky once again revealed his technical excellencies and artistic shortcomings. He is still promising. Panaieff danced consistently well, but without any marked personality. Undoubtedly the strongest man in the company is that excellent Diaghileff character dancer Jasvinsky, who alone possesses the grand manner that can illuminate a rôle. Among the younger dancers Nifontova, Semenova and Kousnetsova all danced well.

There is one thing difficult to understand, the distribution of rôles that clearly did not give the best results. Ruanova is South American and knows the Spanish dance. She did not appear in *Aragonesa*, while the romantic Leslie did, but was left out of the prelude in *Les Sylphides*, her biggest success of last year, and this was given to Tarakanova, a vivacious demi-caractère dancer, in no sense a romantic. A shifting of rôles would have given twice the artistic result.

COLONEL DE BASIL'S company, as is their custom, do not present important novelties at the beginning of the season, but give us the opportunity of measuring individual progress in such revealing works as *Aurora's Wedding* and *La Boutique Fantasque*. This year they can do so without risk. They have never been in finer form. All are rested, are having the benefit of Vladimiroff's expert tuition, and time is making child prodigies into mature artists. Danilova remains *hors concours*, witty, infinitely polished and versatile. In the revival of *Cimarosiana*, all danced well, but she gave something extra that indicated a feeling for the period of this stylistic work.

Baronova showed her greatness as a dancer in *Aurora*, easy, flowing, concealing every technical difficulty from her audience. She has more than a touch of the grand manner. In the now completed *Symphonie Fantastique* she revealed intelligence and consummate artistry. I will refer to two passages only: where instead of being suspended on a wire as last year she suggests that she is floating across the stage by the skill and quality of her dancing; in the final tableau (now given a climax by its new background which gives us a chance to see the pattern), especially by her vivid interpretation of the Fury that the tender Beloved has become. Her performance here can only be called great.

Riabouchinska, most individual and unusual of all dancers, has found neatness for the first time without losing her ætherial quality. Previously when in difficulty she bluffed, now she follows the text book.

Lichine, too, whom we are to see as the choregrapher of an important work, *Francesca da Rimini*, has enlarged his scope. Essentially a romantic he shows himself at home in the rigid classicism of *Blue Bird*. Only in his own *Pavillon* does his passion stand out too boldly from a delicate canvas. Yet he is always interesting, one of the few personalities among male dancers.

Three *premières danseuses* emerge in Grigorieva, tall, distinguished and musical; Morosova, sparkling, a dancer by nature; and Rostova, who gives a first-class interpretation in the pastoral scene of *Symphonie Fantastique*. Shabelevsky we have yet to see in a major rôle.

This marked improvement has gone right through the company which to-day is without doubt the most perfect and versatile instrument for a choregrapher that has been seen in London.

OF Massine there is nothing new to be said. As an artist he remains in a class of his own. It is to be regretted that he leaves a company in which he has worked with such success at a moment when it is perfect enough to perform any ballet of his imagination. The company has taken five years to bring to perfection, the cost of its scenic material alone works into five figures. To-day when dancers realise their full value it will not be possible to mould such an ensemble in so short a time. It is to be hoped that in London, where so many friends of ballet and of dancers are gathered, wise counsels will prevail that will allow this important association to continue.

With Fokine back to supervise the artistic details of his own productions, and Vladimiroff to take classes, Colonel de Basil may be congratulated on a unique achievement.

Drill for the Ballet

The early rehearsals for the de Basil season at Covent Garden were held in a drill hall, where this picture was taken; standing, left to right, are Olga Morosova, Felia Doubrovska, Alexandra Danilova and Tatiana Riabouchinska; seated on the floor is Irina Baronova

Portrait of Mrs. Mark Pilkington

From her first days as a debutante Mrs. Mark Pilkington was one of the people whose name never appears in print without the escort of an adjective in praise of her looks. She is very attractive and has a gay smile that makes her doubly so. She married Mark Pilkington in the spring last year, was Susan Henderson, and is the elder daughter of the late Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady (Murrough) Wilson, and a cousin of Lord Faringdon. She and her husband have a penthouse flat in Dorset House, Gloucester Place

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

National Custodians

No. 5. Mr. J. B. Manson, Director of the Tate Gallery

James Bolivar Manson, director and keeper of our finest representative repository of works of art (finer still, now that the Duveen Galleries are open), started as a painter, not a museum man. He started to exhibit at the International Society, the New English Art Club (of which he was a member) and soon had one-man shows to his credit in London, Paris and Glasgow, and he now has pictures in Manchester, Brussels, Paris and Capetown as well as in the Tate. He was for some time art critic on the *Outlook* and later on the *Daily Herald*. His transition to the administrative side of national art began in 1912 when he entered the Tate (then the National Gallery, Millbank) as an assistant, rising to assistant-keeper in 1917 and director in 1930. He is chairman of the Standing Advisory Committee on Fine Arts, headed the selection committee for the French exhibition and is an officer of various well-known art groups. He has published half a dozen books (his recreation is reading), lives at Hampstead, is married and has two daughters

Baby Bear Leading

The Hon. Nefertari Bethell had fox on her shoulders and a bear on the chain. The little creature looking protestingly bewildered at its society night-life debut

Go to Bye-Bye, Little Lion

Miss Priscilla Other-Gee took a sleepy kitten of a lion cub on her knee and looked as if she was singing it a lullabye

The Astonished Llama

Miss Diana Bethell's elegant charm had no effect on the prim astonished llama when she led him and the tiny pony into the flashlight

Animal Cabaret

The Ball-in-the-Zoo

This was the second annual Ball-in-the-Zoo in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, with Lady Howard de Walden as chairman, and Mr. Seymour Leslie as organiser. Elephants, camels, chimpanzees and the various creatures in these photographs supplied the cabaret, and there also was a very special ghost

Have You Some Sugar?

Lord and Lady Grenfell took the pony on from Miss Bethell and gave it a picture to itself. It only cared about Lady Grenfell's handbag and if it smelt good to eat

French Without Crocodile Tears

Miss Margery Binner took a cautious hold of the baby crocodile while Miss Kay Hammond (star of "French Without Tears") gingerly tried the feel of its scaly stomach

Does Music Charm Snakes?

Mr. Larry Adler mouth-organed away to his snake without the slightest confidence that the charm would work on its savage but harmless personality

Left: Lady Gloria Fisher and her husband handled their snakes with far more confidence than Larry Alder. Did anyone make the boa (constrictor and feather) crack?

India Beat the World

The 10th Hussars Won the Inter-Regimental

The 10th pulled off a double that has never been accomplished before when, as last year's winners of the Indian Inter-Regimental, they won the British Inter-Regimental this year, beating the 15th-19th Hussars by 8—3 in the final tie. The Duke of Gloucester watched his old regiment's success at Hurlingham, and the Duchess presented the cup. The team is Capt. M. N. E. Macmullan, Capt. C. B. C. Harvey, Capt. D. Dawnay and J. W. Malet

India beat The World, and Queen Mary presented the Indian Prince's Challenge Cup to Captain W. F. Butler, No. 3 of the winning team. Despite the fact that the three finest Indian players now in the country were on the sick list, the India side, made up of Englishmen, had little difficulty in getting their 9—7 win. Two thousand school children watched the match

Right: J. B. Priestley played in the American lawn tennis tournament at Lady Crosfield's; he is with Elizabeth Ryan, who has won the Wimbledon doubles more often than any other woman. In the autumn, Mr. Priestley will present a new play of his at the Duchess, after which he intends to sell the theatre

The Price of Fame: Kay Stammers at Lady Crosfield's Party

A Mixed Sporting Double

Hurlingham and Henley and Lady Crosfield's Garden-Party

Left: Mr. E. M. St. John Hornby and Miss Hornby found themselves drawn against Miss Thelma Cazalet and Mr. Ian Bowater at West Hill, Highgate, Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's home. But since Miss Cazalet was made a P.P.S., she hasn't had so much time for tennis and golf as before (and it wasn't much then)

Right: the tennis-playing Paravicini sisters, Jacqueline and Livia, daughters of the Swiss Minister here, were of course at Lady Crosfield's

Lord Hambleden at Henley

Lord Hambleden, who lives at Greenlands, near Henley, and is a regatta regular, took his seven-year-old heir William, and his three-year-old daughter Laura, into the Steward's to watch the racing. He has another son and daughter

Lord Baldwin at Henley

Earl Baldwin is another regatta regular, and sat in the umpire's launch next to Bernard Darwin; but although the sun shone, it wasn't much of a Coronation Henley, with the Grand going to Germany, the Diamonds to Austria and the Thames to America

The Indian Empire Garden-Party

The Prince and Princess of Berar were among the party that received Queen Mary at the Indian Empire and Eastern garden-party at Hurlingham. During the afternoon the India v. The World polo match took place

Right: Prince Arthur of Connaught took the opportunity to congratulate Miss Dorothy Round on her championship when he met her at Lady Crosfield's American tournament. The party was in aid of the North Islington Infant Welfare Centre

The single figure below is Miss Margot Lumb, who added lawn tennis to her fields of activity only a year ago. Already Squash Racquets Champion of England and America, she has now been chosen for our Wightman Cup team

Above: Miss Hersey Brooks, Norman Brooks' daughter, is the movie operator to Mr. and Mrs. "Bunny" Austin (Phyllis Konstam). She was runner-up, with Reggie Wynn, in Lady Crosfield's American tournament, and her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bessemer Clark, won it

Lawn tennis and socialite celebrities at Lady Crosfield's party are as many to the dozen as stage stars at the Theatrical Garden Party: the two couples on the left are Miss Lacy, escorted by Lord Iliffe, and Miss Georgina Wernher, Lady Zia Wernher's deb daughter, escorted by Lord John Hope

Mustard Gas! The Modern Warrior In His Armour

Norman Parkinson

With the Services

The Army

No. 3 : Royal Engineers

After many years of careful research the scientists of war produced mustard gas. Nothing has yet been discovered which, on a reasonable commercial basis, will contaminate and finally destroy human life so efficiently. Large quantities can be pumped or shelled into the open air in a short space of time, and so it was necessary to discover a means by which soldiers would still be effective under these poisoned conditions (for, as the farmers say, better a live shilling than a dead pound). The result of more careful research was the anti-gas suit. It is experimental equipment and consists of a mackintosh covering from head to foot, even over the boots, breathing mask, and goggles. This picture of the 3rd Division, R.E.'s, was taken by Norman Parkinson at Wyke Regis. They were engaged in bridge-building (of which more pictures will appear later in the series) and were fitted with lifebelts. So far, they are the only unit to be supplied with gas suits. The ideal, of course, is to equip the whole Army with such protection; and then careful research should be able to discover a new gas to dissolve it

"Judgment Day"

Elmer Rice Arraigns Dictators' Justice And the Result is a Fine Play

The Characters

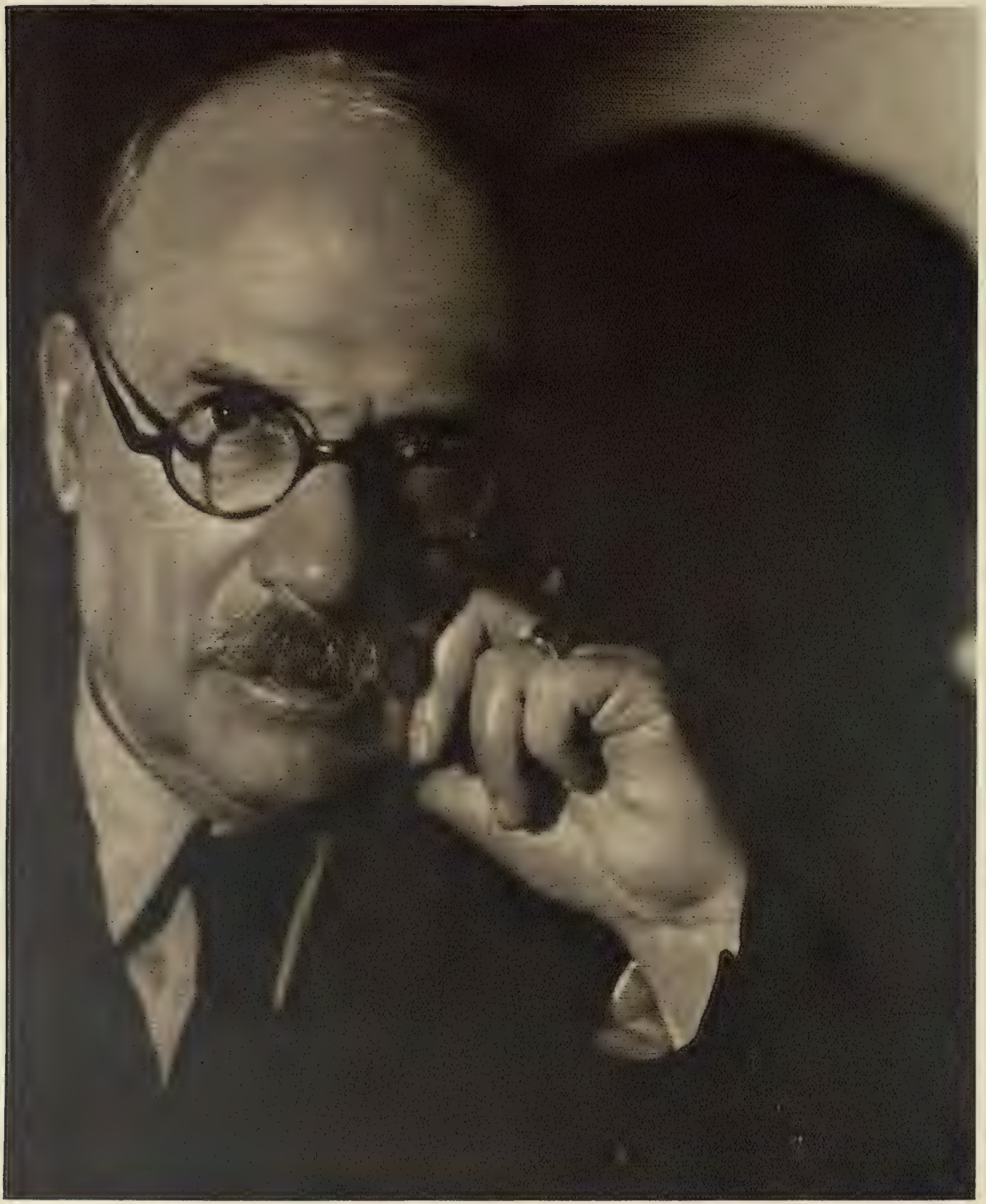
Behind: one of the accused—Eric Berry; the Judges—George Woodbridge, Ronald Adam, Lewis Casson, Hubert Harben, Charles Quartermaine

Centre: the Italian prima donna, a witness — Freda Jackson; the Dictator's right-hand man — Alan Napier; a reporter — Edward Evans; Counsel for the Prosecution — Reginald Jarman

Right: the American barrister — Dan Tobin; a soldier — Richard Hinton; the accused woman — Catherine Lacey; Counsels for the Defence — David Sinclair and Philip Cunningham

John Everard

The whole action of *Judgment Day* takes place in the Palace of Justice in a totalitarian State; the story is of the trial of a man and a woman for attempted murder of the Dictator. Whether there was an attempt at murder or whether the whole incident was faked by the Government as a means of getting rid of two leaders of the proscribed People's Party is the question before the court; to the judges it later becomes a problem in loyalty—whether their first allegiance is to the State or to the justice to which they have devoted their lives. Elmer Rice has made superb drama out of all this, with a curtain to each of the four scenes that sets the audience clapping with pleasure and excitement. There are also a number of speeches which please the strong democratic sentiments apparently held in all parts of the house; there aren't quite boos for the villain tyranny, but there is vigorous applause for the hero liberty. The play is excellently acted by the large cast, and excellently produced by Murray Macdonald. *Judgment Day* is now at the Phœnix



Anthony

Alexandre Benois—Artist of the Theatre

That Benois is one of the finest theatrical artists of the century his present exhibition at Tooth's Gallery (open until Saturday) gives glorious proof. Each design is a complete work of art, with none of the sketchiness or sterility so many stage designs have when looked at as pictures. They are lovely in their disciplined richness, imaginative power, and endless delicate detail. Benois has a vast knowledge of art and history as well as his intuitive understanding of period and mood. "Pavillon d'Armide," "Giselle" and "Petrouchka" are the only exhibited results of the famous collaboration with Diaghileff, when Benois and Bakst instigated a new era of theatrical decor, and created as great a sensation in Paris with their settings for the Diaghileff ballets as the dancers themselves. Benois has worked for drama, opera and films since then and designs for each of these are shown. He now lives mostly in Paris, but came to England for the opening of the exhibition

Bathing Song

(*To the tune of "What are the Wild Waves Saying?"*)

"What are the wild waves saying,
Brother, the whole day long?
What is the tune they're playing—
Is it a popular song?"
"'Popular' just describes it,
And the message is also true,
For my medical man prescribes it—
Guinness is Good for You."

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C. F. H.

Films of the Day

Hammer and Bubble : By George Campbell

WAS Queen Victoria human? A good many people hardly seem to think so. She reigned so long, and changed so little during the lifetime of people now living, and stood for so much that was vast and awesome, that she became at once a symbol and a deity, a sort of feminine, English Buddha looking down from a vast height upon her people.

I don't see what else can account for the difficulties the British Board of Film Censors found in *The Court Waltzes*. The Censor objected, for instance, to a shot of the twenty-one-year-old Queen running lightheartedly down the corridor of Buckingham Palace. Why? Is it wrong of a Queen to be young and carefree? Does dignity consist wholly in immobility, or that sort of mobility that suggests the use of castors? Does a Queen of Merrie England owe it to her position to cultivate an air of gloom? And is it not an historical fact that Queen Victoria *did* run about the Palace, and show a liking for dancing and other diversions that would now be considered harmless, until she was rebuked by authority?

I SEE that the Censor objected, too, to the scene in which the radiant young Queen is kissed by Prince Albert and turns back to the ballroom to announce her engagement. It seems that to announce an engagement immediately after a kiss is not up to the best regal form. I confess I can't quite see why. If the young Queen had been caught kissing somebody to whom she was *not* engaged, there might be some point in the objection. Anyway, the kiss has been cut short, a bit of the ballroom scene thrust in to suggest a time lapse before the announcement to the company, and the sequence passed as not too scandalously licentious.

ALL of which seems to suggest hammer-blows at a bubble. *The Court Waltzes* is a featherweight amongst pictures, an invention as gay and irresponsible as a tale by Hans Andersen. It is a fairy tale with nothing borrowed from history, but the names of the Princess and her Prince Charming.

THE hit of the picture is Madeleine Ozeray's Queen Victoria. This young French actress, paradoxically, embodies all that is loveliest and most typical in young English womanhood. If this performance is any indication, she is also a highly competent actress. *The Court Waltzes* was made some years ago. It will be interesting to compare it with one of Mlle. Ozeray's latest pictures and see how her personality and technique have developed.

THEY told us gangster films were finished. Nothing is ever finished as long as it goes on providing the public with entertainment, and it is a fact that gangster pictures—in which I include pictures about G-men, racketeers et Al Capone—are amongst the slickest goods Hollywood turns out.

Consider *Kid Galahad*. Here is a boxing drama which simply could not have been made in this country. Even if we had an actor who looked as handsome and virile as Wayne Morris, it is a hundred-to-one against his being able to box well enough to make a fight for the world's championship even remotely credible. Mr. Morris can. He had three months' intensive coaching from a former American champion. By the time the bell went for the first shot he knew enough to put up a show that veterans of the ring can watch with respectful interest.

The melodramatic background would be equally impossible in England. A quarrel between Brig.-Gen. Critchley and Mr. A. J. Elvin might lead to an exchange of stiff letters, or conceivably a law-suit. A film in which these two highly respected British promoters shot each other dead would be not merely libellous but farcical. In America anything is possible. The Madison Garden atmosphere in *Kid Galahad* is perfectly convincing, and anyone who knows New York could name a dozen counterparts to the characters played by Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart. The rawness and brutality of American life, and the vivid slanginess of American dialogue are amongst Hollywood's most valuable assets.

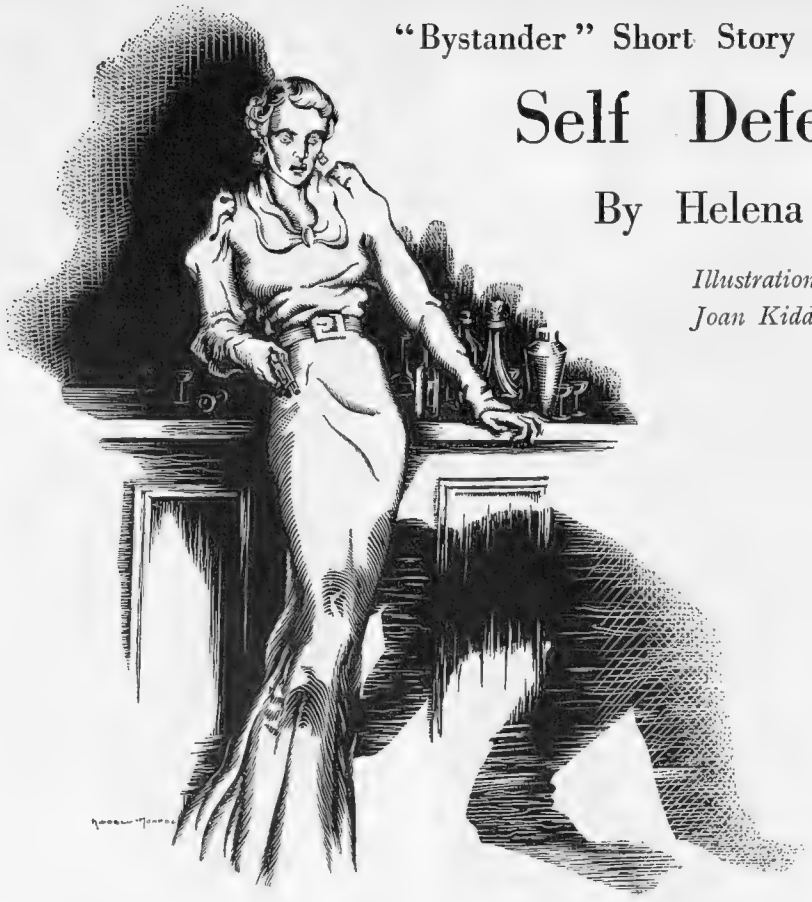
MR. BOGART, in constant demand since his hit in *The Petrified Forest*, plays a tough guy in another new picture. *San Quentin*, like *The Big House*, has an American prison setting—and here again the toughness of the American underworld, the ease with which one may step from normal life into melodrama, give the picture its kick. Mr. Bogart is probably not a gifted actor. His tense, menacing personality and heavy, harsh voice condemn him to play always on much the same note. In *San Quentin* his rôle is not wholly unsympathetic, since his gaol break is inspired by a misunderstanding, and he comes back to the prison gates to die rather than let down the official who has trusted him. A difficult scene to make credible, not helped by the last lines: "The Captain 's a swell guy! Tell the Prison Board to play ball with him."

THE best of the new thrillers is probably *Night Must Fall*, in which there are no gangsters at all. If you saw Emlyn Williams in the play you may be biassed against the film version. I thought Robert Montgomery first-rate. For some reason — probably because he couldn't manage a Welsh accent—he makes the murderous bellboy an Irishman; and he gives him, too, more than Mr. Williams' share of charm. But I fancy Mr. Williams made the obscene young creature more dramatic.

For the rest, Dame May Whitty makes of the ill-natured old victim a solid, three-dimensional figure, recognisable to all; and Rosalind Russell, usually as frivolous as Mr. Montgomery himself, gives a gripping, highly sensitive performance as the girl half fascinated, half repelled by the murderer's personality. The addition of some forest scenes by night intensify the eeriness of this extraordinarily interesting thriller, and the direction is competent if not exactly inspired. What a pity the film was not made here.

Humphrey Bogart

His acting in "Petrified Forest" made him known, and he has been in three films shown in London in the last month—as the lead in "Black Legion," as a boxing promoter in "Kid Galahad" and as a prison-breaker in "San Quentin." The last two films are reviewed on this page



"Bystander" Short Story No. 95

Self Defence

By Helena Frost

Illustrations by Joan Kiddell-Monroe

"Some day, Diane, I'll go back to Gladys. Some day soon. I saw her. And the children. Elaine's growing up. They need me."

John Lambert sprawled hugely upon the day-bed. His indulged body was limp and he spoke languidly. But there was decision in his clipped sentences. He blew smoke-rings toward the ceiling, waiting for protest from the sleek panther of a woman who stood pouring cocktails before the buffet. She set down the shaker, stood motionless, without turning.

"No you won't, John. We've been over this before. Many times. You won't, John." The voice was cold, sharp, like a whetted blade.

The man stood up. His body was wide-shouldered and tall, but the waist was too thick, the muscles soft. His face was handsome, but the cheeks were beginning to sag. "This sort of thing," a gesture of his flaccid hand encompassed the crowded apartment as a symbol of their life together, "ends sooner or later. A week from now. A month—a year. Why not now?" He shrugged his great shoulders as the woman, still with her back to him, failed to break into the expected rage. "Now," he repeated. "To-night."

"No you won't, John," she said with the same frozen and baffling voice. She swung with the swiftness of a cat. "You——" And a snub-nosed black revolver spat the rest. It spat twice. John Lambert folded in a heap, face downward on the floor.

Diane Bentley, spent of anger and strength, propped her body against the buffet. She listened below, at the door, out the window. She heard nothing but the thundering of her heart and the brief bark of an automobile horn.

She stood there listening, trying to draw deep, calming breaths. "Sounded like back-fire," she whispered at last. Then she stumbled to where John Lambert lay, his head pillowed on his arm, like a child who has said its prayers and gone to sleep. A blot of blood was spreading in the pale grey rug, dyeing it crimson. No need to feel for the heart-beat . . .

Her fumbling feet carried her to the day-bed and she collapsed. In a moment she sat up and dug her hands deep into the upholstery. She had to think. Logically. That's what people didn't do—murderers you read about who were tried and sent to the electric chair. The criminal bungled. An intelligent person could outwit the police. They called it justifiable homicide if you killed in self-defence. She could save herself, if she could resist the impulse to run away—from that thing lying there that had once been the man she loved. People always ran away, stampeded by their emotions. She mustn't feel now. Plenty of time later, when she had escaped, when she was sure she could go on living. Empty living without John. Yet she didn't want to die. She didn't want to die in the electric chair!

Self-defence. . . Her mind constructed the scene. When she stood up her body was controlled. It moved with swift precision.

She scuffed the rugs into heaps. She pitched a table with its ash-tray and lamp to the floor. She toppled a magazine rack, showering its contents in confusion. A sweep of her hand overturned the cocktail-shaker and it dribbled gin and orange down the side of the buffet. A glass tinkled to the parquet and she pressed it with her heel. On the desk, she tipped the inkwell, pushed the blotter awry and sent the clock thudding to the rug at her feet. She picked up the small desk chair and snapped one of the thin legs.

She stopped and studied her stage-setting. Enough. Better not to overdo it. It was real, convincing. Now the make-up for the rôle she must play.

She ripped her blouse loose from the skirt at one side. She tore off one ear-ring. She ruffled her smooth-fitting hair. He had attacked her. . . . With what? The silver paper-knife. She shuddered. But it had to be. And without finger-prints. She went into the bedroom and returned with her right hand gloved. She picked up the paper-knife and stood before a mirror. She clamped her teeth. With her left hand she stretched her right cheek bloodless to lessen the pain. She forced herself to raise the silver blade and pressed the point to her cheek. With a downward jerk she gashed the surface flesh. Blood spouted. A scream rose in her throat, but it died behind her clamped teeth. She staggered to the body and slid the pearl handle of the knife towards the right hand, pinned under the bowed head. She was faint with the pain of the wound. But the blood was still gushing. She kept the glove away, dried the blood-wet fingers of her other hand on her dress and pulled off the glove. She examined it minutely, found it clean, and returned it to the bedroom.

With her cheek brutally throbbing, she went to the mirror again. Not enough. Dear God! she prayed. Her long, pointed nails clawed an arm, scratched the other cheek. Her sleek body quivered, then shook like a poplar in a wind. But she knotted her hands till the nails pierced the palms. And again sensation and emotion died under the anæsthesia of her will.

She must think. Of everything. The cleverest murderers often made a slip, left some ridiculously small clue. Not she. Every detail would click into place. Make it seem a perfect routine case . . . of self-defence. . . . She turned her dull gold eyes upon John Lambert's peaceful form. They saw his hair, smooth and unrumpled. That was the sort of thing others might forget. Not she.

She bent down. Then she recoiled. She could not touch him. As white as the corpse, she bent again and put out her hand. It trembled as she roughed the dark hair with a gesture that had once given joy.

It was done and she sat down. She bound her aching head with her arms. Then she told herself the story she would tell them. She rehearsed it carefully again and again. When she knew every simple word of it, she looked at her watch. Good God! How could she account for a whole hour? She thought a moment, then she groaned. Sweet heaven! more pain. But it had to be. It had to click. Her will poured steel

(*Concluded on page* vi)

This Was At Le Touquet

Some People Who Were There for a Golf Week-end

Miss Muriel and Miss Dolly Richards

These American debutantes are the granddaughters of Mr. Jules Bache, the New York millionaire and art collector. They have been doing the season in London and Paris with great success. They came back from Le Touquet to stay with their aunt, Mrs. Gilbert Miller for another week or two in London

Lord Forbes and Lady Brownlow

Lady Brownlow had just arrived in Le Touquet by air for this one-big-party weekend of golf; she was talking to Lord Granard's son, who has taken a job in civil aviation since he came down from Cambridge

Mrs. Victor Malcolm

Ann Todd took ten days' holiday in Le Touquet between films, having finished one with Clive Brook and going straight back to play in "South Riding" the screen adaptation of the Winifred Holtby novel

Lady Feversham and Lord Hopetoun

Lady Feversham was one of the most attractive women around the golf course in her neat shorts and shirt. Lord Hopetoun is the elder of Lord and Lady Linlithgow's two twin sons; plays golf to a handicap of sixteen

Mrs. McGuffie

Mrs. McGuffie, who comes from Chicago, plays golf in a white divided skirt or "plus sixes." She had Mr. "Pop" Fane as her opponent

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Strong on Devon : By Alan Thomas

In *The Swift Shadow* (Gollancz ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. L. A. G. Strong provides us with another of his studies in the sinister. He has chosen as the venue of his story the moors of Devon, and it is when he is writing of them, of their rocks and valleys, farms and villages, that Mr. Strong is supremely good. His description of a snowstorm in which the farmsteads were turned into beleaguered garrisons with dwindling rations is yet another proof of his ability for scenic painting in prose. When he is writing of the tors, his words are infused with the macabre, violent influence which he feels haunts this Devon plateau. His people also, for the most part, are violent and macabre ; but with them Mr. Strong is less successful. He dates his story fifty years back, but I doubt if the farmers and labourers living in the combes to-day, whom I recollect as normal countrymen are vastly different from their predecessors of half a century ago. But Mr. Strong's characters are all, so to speak, strong meat. There is the village idiot who is possessed of an evil spirit living in a tree, that cannot be exorcised by the parson with bell and book ; there is the village bully who fights with a drunken young man over his girl, and gouges out his opponent's eye ; and there is the girl's mother, an obscene, evil old woman, who tries to poison her daughter's helpless husband. Almost every page of the book deals with violence in one form or another. Nature, mother or human, to Mr. Strong is always in the raw. It is significant that he even makes the gentle parish parson see sheep running on a distant hill as "little white maggots." This book is powerful, vivid, haunting, and saturated with brutality. If you like that kind of novel, you will like *The Swift Shadow*.

I can thoroughly recommend Mr. Leo Walmsley's new novel, *Sally Lunn* (Collins ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), of whom it may be said that she was only a fisherman's daughter, but the boys all thought her a catch—especially on her return from London, where she had learnt to dress as quite the lady. Yet the only man Sally really wanted to hook fought shy of the bait. True Tom Fosdick was in a rival set—the Lunns and the Fosdicks had resented each other ever since the Lunns had come sailing into Bramblewick with their new-fangled motor cobles—but Tom was standing in now with the Lunns, and one might have expected him to be a bit more on the spot with Sally. As it was, she had to do her own wooing : and an uphill job it was, the more so when her sister-in-law Amy was about, bossing all the men she could lay hands on. Mr. Walmsley writes knowledgably and well about the lives of fisher-folk and about their exploits, the way a steam trawler, for instance, is got off the rocks in a night fog, or the hauling in of the fishing lines and a description of the catch. And in the small community one believes in the feud—stupid enough as most feuds are, but utterly convincing. Yet, deeper than the feud itself is the feeling of common humanity compelling one set to rescue their rivals from a watery death.

Mr. Walmsley has painted a true picture of those hardy fishermen and their women, of the interplay of family and group relationship, and, best of all, of the essential comradeship binding together these toilers of the sea.

Leo Walmsley — Fisherman and Author

His "Sally Lunn" was published on the first of this month and is reviewed on this page as the tale "of a fisherman's daughter whom the boys considered a catch." Like his previous books, "Three Fevers" and "Foreigners," this one has a strong, fishy flavour : the author spent his youth among fishermen in Robin Hood's Bay (where he now lives) and once invented a patent lobster-pot

"Footnotes to the Film" (Lovat Dickson ; 18*s.*) is a vital, stimulating book, full of information on every aspect of the Film (both as an Art and as an Industry), and of suggestions for its development and improvement. The object is to consider what the films "have done and might do as a working field for men and women of ideas and as a source of entertainment for a public ready to give new ideas a hearing." There are seventeen contributors, each speaking from his or her own particular experience. Elizabeth Bowen, for example, in a chapter headed "Why I Go to the Cinema," speaks for the cinema fan—liking the films, but wanting them to be better than they are, wanting, in fact, "something to happen" when she goes to the pictures. There is John Grierson deploring the lack of realism in our films. There is R. S. Lambert (Editor of *The Listener*) saying what might be done with the film in the sphere of education. And there are other contributions from such eminent authorities as Alfred Hitchcock, Robert Donat, and Alexander Korda. The book has been edited by Charles Davy, film critic of the *London Mercury* and *Yorkshire Post*. Well indexed and magnificently illustrated, *Footnotes to the Film* is valuable both as a record of achievement and a stimulus to further enterprise.

The enormous increase in road travel during the past thirty years or so has been Mr. George Long's excuse—or one of his excuses—for adding to the already voluminous literature on the inns of England. His book is entitled *English Inns and Road Houses* (Werner Laurie ; 20*s.*). In the preparation of it—a task which has been spread over nearly forty years—Mr. Long has visited some thousands of hotels and inns, and has always been kindly received, though, as he tells us, he never ordered anything stronger than ginger-beer. Many of the legends and stories in the text have been gathered from talks with ancient villagers or extracted from records in bar parlours. The most attractive feature of the book is the photographs—over a hundred and thirty of them—which, as Mr. Long truly says, "can describe a beautiful inn far better than any writing." The value of this large and comprehensive volume would have been enhanced if in the index the inns had been arranged under geographical headings.

"Other causes . . . doubtless exist for the perpetuation of the *mañana* habit, which is certainly infectious. It is equally certain that nothing short of a social or climatic revolution will change it." Thus, prophetically enough, does Mr. Wyndham Disney-Roebuck conclude one of his pen-pictures of Southern Spain. His essays or articles on that part of the world, including especially Gibraltar, were written for the most part in 1917-18, when he was, in addition to his military duties, acting as Editor to the *Gibraltar Gazette* : they stand to-day as he wrote them then, collected into a little volume entitled *The Gateway* (Heath Cranton ; 3*s.* 6*d.*). Gibraltar was under war conditions : Spain was at peace. The situation to-day gives these pleasant sketches a peculiar poignancy.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Tweeds always look well and seldom suffer through travelling which is an enormous advantage. A practical ensemble in soft misty colouring with a darker check is pictured above from the coat and skirt department on the ground floor at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is one of the early Autumn models and would be ideal for Scotland. The suit is single-breasted with pleats in the skirt, while the loose fitting top coat is three-quarter length. It has an easy swing and large business-like pockets, while the price is 16½ guineas

Travel light with a "Pullman" suit-case from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly. It is pictured above in raw hide, twenty-six inches long, with three hangers and plenty of room for blouses, skirts, etc. Next to it is a useful hat box in the same leather, measuring sixteen inches square. It is lined with silk and fitted with side pockets for odds and ends. A Revelation suit-case completes the trio in raw hide. It is sturdily built to resist harsh treatment and will expand several inches, besides being extraordinarily light and easy to carry

The Children's Hour

The children of this generation are not exactly vain but they all take a friendly interest in what they shall wear. Spotted shantung from Liberty's, Regent Street, is the choice of the little girl on the left who is obviously dreaming of sand castles and rock pools. Her frock is very simple with a full skirt smocked at the waist, and a rounded collar piped with red and edged with organdie frilling

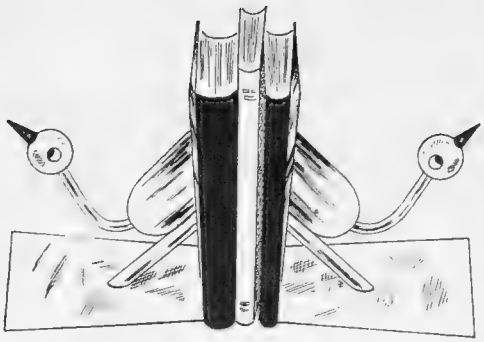
Tana Lawn scattered over with small flowers in bright colours makes this play frock for the seaside from Liberty's. It is smocked each side of the waist and trimmed with white organdie collar and cuffs. The price varies according to size, beginning at 32s. 6d. A delightful brochure of children's fashions has been specially prepared and will gladly be sent free of charge

Boys look their best in simple suits such as the one pictured above in deep blue shantung. It is designed by Liberty's and made with short knickers which button on to a neat shirt trimmed with white trellis stitching. A linen pinafore costing 10s. 6d., is worn by the little girl holding a spade. It is apple green trimmed with white bands and coloured animals. These are repeated on the sun bonnet which is of the same material

Dover Street Studios

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

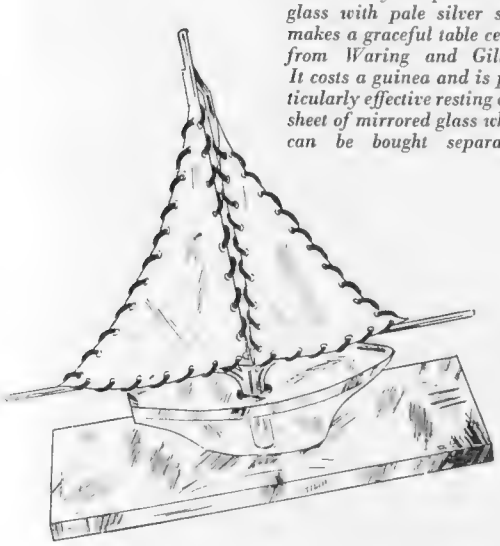
discovered by peta
pictured by pam



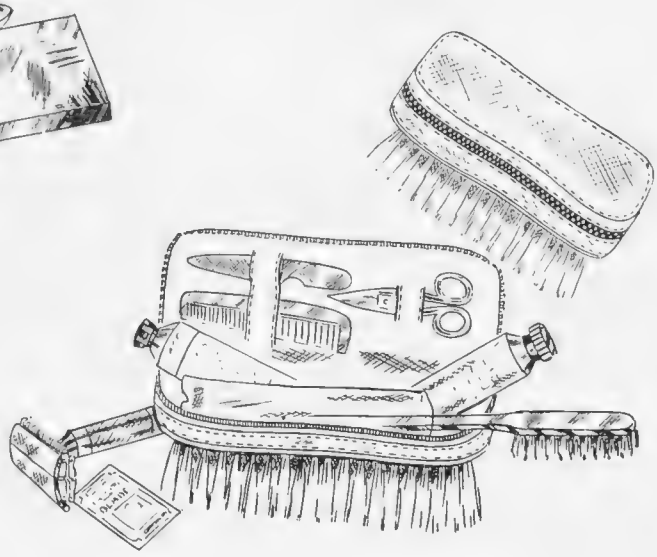
This sketch gives a somewhat futuristic impression of a couple of chromium birds supporting some books. They cost a guinea the pair and may be seen at Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street, whose summer sale is now proceeding

A self-winding pocket watch in a sliding lacquer case heads this group from Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street. On the left is another design in which the watch springs up as the case slides back. It is available in gold or lacquer

Designers spend their time playing with prints this summer, and Ships, 10, Lansdowne Row, are showing the most charming blouses in flowered silks. The model sketched costs 39s. 6d. in printed ripple crêpe with an Eton collar and fine tucking



This lovely ship in clear glass with pale silver sails makes a graceful table centre from Waring and Gillow. It costs a guinea and is particularly effective resting on a sheet of mirrored glass which can be bought separately



The travelling clothes brush on the right is a boon to bad packers as the hollow pigskin back contains a complete set of shaving tackle, toothbrush and nail scissors. It costs a guinea and comes from Mappin & Webb, Oxford St.

Play-suits are the rage this year both for sports and beach wear. The model above, designed by Ships, consists of a trim shirt and tailored shorts. It is available in either plain or printed material, and is very becoming

Robert S. Mearns (captain)

J. H. Irons

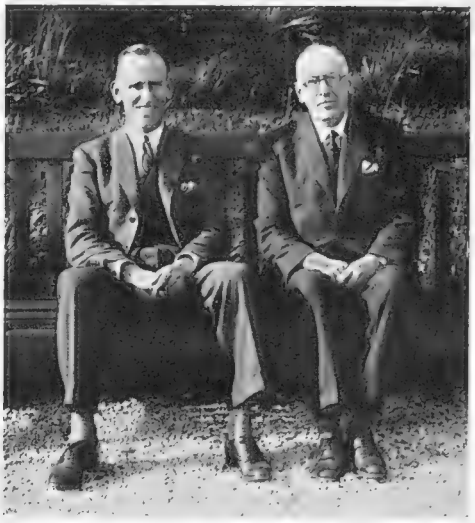
Colin Brown

James Gordon and George Stevenson (ex-captains)

A. N. Manson and Andrew Nairn (hon. sec. and treasurer)

Golf Clubs at Home

Pollok



J. H. Steel (vice-captain) and A. Dunlop

The Pollok Golf Club is one of those fortunate clubs which has an urban position but a rural atmosphere. Although it is situated within the boundaries of the City of Glasgow, it gives the impression of lying far from the wheels of industry. The club was formed in 1892, and its course surrounds the Mansion House in which Sir John Stirling Maxwell lives

Andrew Jamieson, junr.

W. Irvine

Gilbert Shanks (ex-captain)

James Macarthur and W. T. Johnston (ex-captains)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Ryder Cup Match

Of the twelve matches played in the Ryder Cup match, Great Britain lost seven, the United States lost three, and both sides failed to lose the remaining two matches.

This may appear—on paper—a comfortable victory for America, but in reality, it was a very close match, and with the luck running a little differently, the result might have been different. In six of the matches which we did not win, we lost three by two and one, one by one hole, and halved two. From the results of these matches, played over thirty-six holes, it is obvious that if a few balls had kicked east instead of west, or west instead of east, the final result might so easily have been in our favour. Unfortunately, in the game of golf, bad play is usually followed by bad luck.

One match, which might so easily have gone the other way, was the one in which Sarazen was decidedly lucky to beat Alliss by one hole; the former saw his ball bounce back into play off both spectators and trees on more than one occasion. The short fifteenth hole had a big bearing on this result in the second round. Sarazen's tee shot hit a spectator and bounced back on to the green; he then—to rub in his good fortune—holed the putt for a two, and won the hole which he appeared certain to lose, and this, of course, makes a difference of two on a division. But we must remember that if Sarazen had lost this hole, as he deserved to, he might have played the remaining holes differently, and still have won; but one down to Percy Alliss and three to play is not a pleasant position for even the most stout-hearted golfer.

Sarazen got a tremendous start, and Alliss, who had done little wrong, found himself four down on the sixth tee. After Alliss, playing steadily, had squared the match, Sarazen was struggling all the time, and saving himself hole after hole by holing most indecent putts. This match America certainly did not deserve even to halve.

The result of the top foursome, in which Padgham and Cotton were defeated by Dudley and Byron Nelson by four and two, must have affected the whole match to a very considerable extent. The British players were two up after three holes, and then presented the next two holes to their opponents, each of our players contributing his fair share to the present. I think that these two holes very likely turned the whole match. When you see your leader shot down in flames, your ardour, however brave a man you may be, is apt to be somewhat damped.

One could not help feeling sorry for Padgham, who certainly did not play well, and who appeared to have lost all confidence in himself. You have, no doubt, read that he played very badly, but I do not suppose you have read that his conqueror, Guldahl, would have beaten every member of our team except King, provided they had played the same golf against him as they actually did play in this match.

From our point of view, about the only glimpse of sunshine was the good results obtained by the youngest member, Dai Rees, and the other assistant professional, Sam King. Rees was the only member of our side to show a profit, and he might easily have shown a profit of two points if Charles Whitcombe, his partner in the foursomes, had not missed one or two putts of lengths which Whitcombes seldom fail to hole.

Rees got all the thunder, and he certainly played many brilliant and brave shots, and also fought most courageously as one would expect our unofficial professional match-play champion to do, but I think that King earned a few more marks than Rees. King was playing Denny Shute, the match-play professional champion of the United States, who is reported not to have lost a match for two years. King was four down with eleven holes to play, and yet fought so bravely and played so well that he finished all square.

On the morning of the singles, the rain came down in torrents, which made the playing conditions unpleasant, but less difficult than on a hard-baked course with slippery greens. Even allowing for the unpleasant conditions, the golf generally was extremely bad, considering that the supposed best players in the world were engaged.

If anyone disagrees with this statement, I would like him to consider these facts. Of the sixteen players who took part in the singles, no fewer than nine failed in the morning to hole the course in approximate scores better than the standard scratch score, and we all know, only too well, that if, in a club competition, we return a net score equal to the standard scratch score, we have little hope of winning.

One of our leading professional golfers summed the match up very aptly when he said, "The Americans played badly, but our men played worse." An ordinary scratch amateur, playing his normal game, would have beaten the majority of the players on both sides, provided, of course, that they played no better than they actually did play in the match.

I wrote a short time ago that I hoped that Whitcombe, our captain, would play his best team, and not play all the players selected. Unfortunately, as he did in the last Ryder Cup match in America, he left himself out of the singles, and also Cox, who had played as well as anyone in the foursomes. The match was so close that it is possible, but not probable, that the inclusion of these two players might have changed the whole run of the play. Next time our selection committee must select the team and two reserves and thus relieve the captain of the temptation of giving all the players a run.

Four Players from the Big Field for the Open at Carnoustie

Mr. Bobby Locke had hoped to add the British Open title to his South African laurels, and looked a fair bet with 73 + 71 in the qualifying and 74 + 74 in the eliminating

Buddy Guldahl was another Carnoustie player who had designs upon a double; already Champion of America, he came armed with a vast bag of clubs—twenty-seven in all—but didn't crack the 70 figure as some had expected

James Adams, of Royal Liverpool, was a British hope against the powerful American challenge, part of which he is with in this picture — Mr. John W. Bailey, of Battle Creek, U.S.A.

Motoring Commentary

The Welsh Motor Rally : By Alan C. Hess

THE Third Welsh Motor Rally, run by the South Wales Automobile Club, was in every way a most successful event. Indeed, the weather even smiled on the collection of scintillating cars which assembled for the Coachwork Competition in Cardiff on the Saturday—an occurrence, I believe, without precedent in the history of this event!

Of the twenty-six drivers who were due to start early on the Wednesday morning from the London control at the Ace of Spades on the Great West Road, only R. H. A. Adams's S.S. and the Delage of J. K. R. Davies failed to appear.

My own entry, a 2-litre M.G. drophead coupé, was the third car away, followed shortly after by E. W. Rankin, E. H. Jacob, and B. D. Matthews in three snappy S.S. "Jaguar 100" cars, a team of which so much was subsequently to be heard, Jacob putting up the best performance in the Rally, irrespective of class, Matthews qualifying for the Rally Supporters' Prize and the London Control Prize, and the three cars combining to win the Manufacturers' Team Prize.

THE first part of the Rally consisted of an easy run down to Llandrindod Wells, a distance of 165 miles which had to be covered at an average of 26 m.p.h.—a schedule which permitted J. R. Edwards, my co-driver, and myself an hour for luncheon in Gloucester and several stops to admire the very beautiful scenery through which our road passed.

Arrived at the Llandrindod Wells control, we found ourselves faced with the first Special Test at Golf Hill. This consisted of an acceleration, reversing and re-acceleration test against the stop-watch on a steep, winding hill.

Experience on the road down had taught me that whereas the 2-litre M.G. is a delightfully and reasonably economical fast touring car with marvellous road-holding, steering and brakes, yet owing to the comfortable spaciousness of the Salmons' body not having been sacrificed to weight, acceleration is not its strong suit. It therefore seemed safe to assume that, with a reverse of only five yards on a steep gradient with a fairly heavy car, it would merely be a waste of time to engage reverse gear.

When, therefore, we got to the line from which we had to roll back, I simply put the clutch out, with bottom forward gear still engaged, letting in the clutch, and accelerating hard as soon as the wheels had run back over the line. After what seemed like a fortnight but was really exactly forty seconds from our start from the bottom of the hill, we crossed the finishing-line at the top.

THE three fastest times in this test were recorded by Jacob (28⅘ sec.) and Matthews respectively on their S.S. cars (separated by only three-fifths of a second), with G. L. Boughton in his Singer only one-fifth of a second slower.

When this test was concluded, we were sent off on one of the most diabolical rides ever contrived by Rally organisers! In the fourteen miles from Llandrindod Wells to Newtown, there are no fewer than 365 acute corners in quick succession, and along this road we writhed our way, then on into Caersws, where there was a check, from which we had to return by way of Rhayaden to Llandrindod Wells, arriving not later than 5.38 p.m. to check in for the night.

THE following morning we did the greater part of our first 100 miles over high country and in thick clouds, but when we dropped down into the valleys as we approached the coast near Cardigan, we left the mist behind. After 236 miles, we arrived at Caerphilly, where a stop-and-restart test on Caerphilly Hill was staged, this subsequently being declared void, as the timing apparatus had failed to record properly in some cases. Then, after a final run of only eleven miles, Cardiff was reached and the cars were parked in the open for the night under official guard.

A Starting Test in the morning required competitors to get going within a set time, and here my M.G. excelled, starting up instantly.

There followed the Eliminating Tests, a marvellous series of gyrations, accelerating, braking, reversing, and what-not in quick succession. Here again the M.G. was in its element, for the brakes had stood up wonderfully and were still 100 per cent., while, thanks to the ample castor-action of the steering, I found it possible, when reversing rapidly on full lock, to change direction forwards on the other lock by stamping on the brakes at the same time releasing the steering-wheel when it would spin over automatically—an old trick, but one which does not work with all modern cars.

In these tests a great deal of very spectacular driving was seen, the best time of all being clocked by E. H. Jacob, whose S.S. "100" took only a meteoric 63⅘ sec., the next fastest being A. H. Langley's 12-h.p. Singer with 65 sec. to its credit.

IN the Coachwork Competition the judges were faced with very real posers in some classes, but not so in Class 4B—that for two-door closed cars up to £500 in value. Here there was very little opposition to my M.G., and it was awarded first prize, thereby qualifying to compete in the afternoon for one of the three special premier awards in the whole affair.

All the most beautiful cars in each class paraded in the afternoon, and the three which, after hours of deliberation, were singled out for honour by the judges were, in the open car category, H. K. Crawford's smart red four-seater Jensen; of the four-door closed cars, Colonel R. Rippon's oxydised blue and chromium Railton; and, among the two-door closed cars, my maroon M.G.

Four Winners in the Welsh Rally at Cardiff

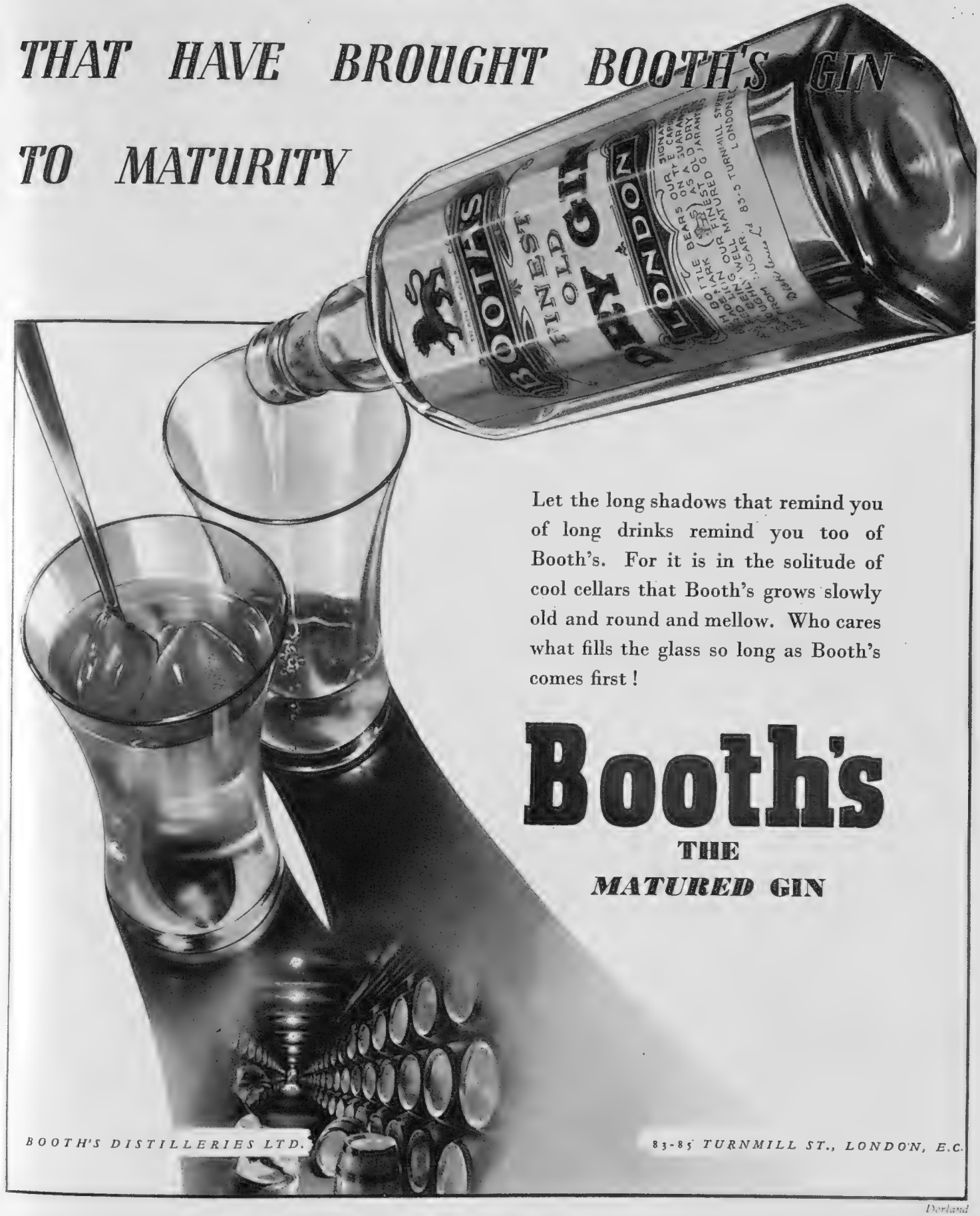
Racing up to a narrow enclosure and stopping short without any swing is a heavy test of the braking and steering, especially in a light car. C. F. Hunt, who entered from Swansea in an M.G. "Ten," won the Swansea Trophy for the best halt

The S.S. team had a day out at Cardiff, winning eight awards, including the manufacturers' team award and the club (S.S.) team award. They are E. H. Jacob (winner of the Rally), E. W. Rankin and B. D. Matthews (who won the London Trophy)

BY APPOINTMENT

When you mix your long drinks . .

THINK OF THE COOL CELLARS THAT HAVE BROUGHT BOOTH'S GIN TO MATURITY



Let the long shadows that remind you of long drinks remind you too of Booth's. For it is in the solitude of cool cellars that Booth's grows slowly old and round and mellow. Who cares what fills the glass so long as Booth's comes first!

Booth's

THE *MATURED* GIN

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LTD. 83-85 TURNMILL ST., LONDON, E.C.

Dorland

Events Coming, and Come

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

NEXT week—at such mad rate does this summer rush through—entrance forms for the Girls' Championship and the Autumn Foursomes will appear in the BYSTANDER. Of these, more then.

For the moment there are congratulations due to at least four good golfers: to Miss Garnham on winning the French for the second time, and to Mrs. Rhodes who was runner-up; to Mrs. Graham Emery, who held on to the South-Western title, and her runner-up, Miss Vivienne Bramwell.

Miss Garnham has long had a championship with the best people in it owing to her. If she did not have the supreme satisfaction of beating either Miss Pam Barton or her conqueror herself, at least at St. Germains she took the goods the gods gave her, and paid for them in right sound golf when the pinch came. And come it did in the thirty-six-hole final, though she was never down until the second hole in the afternoon. The match must have been considerable strain, even if the compositor of *The Times* appears to have been a little over-liberal with his noughts, for to be consistently out-driven, though only by twenty-five yards, does tend to grow monotonous. Mrs. Rhodes, moreover, was always coming back at her, squaring the match four times, taking the lead at the twentieth, and only losing by 4 and 2.

IT is curious that Miss Pam Barton, a born fighter if ever there was one, has an unlucky habit of losing championships (other than British or American) at holes long past the allotted eighteenth. It was the twenty-second this time at St. Germains, to Mme. Decugis, and her sister Mervyn must have taken great satisfaction in sisterly revenge next round. Probably it is not lack of fight on Miss Pam's part: it is only fighting power that takes her there when others would lose earlier. But she has not struck her best form this year. It may be worry from the ridiculous situation which has arisen over her entirely legitimate action in writing a golf book and expecting to be allowed to spend the profits of it as she pleases: it may be the strain of trying to live on an almost impossible pinnacle of fame. Only the very rarest of golfers can do that. Incidentally, be it noted, Lady Heathcoat-Amory and her husband won the scratch prize at the Burnham and Berrow open mixed foursomes with 78 plus 80, and only missed heading the handicap list by a mere two strokes. The marvel of her golf continues.

The Veterans Lost to the Girls

But the Veterans' L.G.A. were quite undepressed by the Girls' G.S. 7—0 win over them. Standing, left to right, are Mrs. Rowand-Harker, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Blake-Smith, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Livingston and Mrs. Ernest Hill; kneeling is Joan Montford; sitting are Mrs. Ellison, Mary Cowan, Joan Negretti, Mrs. Rabbidge (Veterans' hon. secretary), Beryl Pockett, Mrs. Satchell and Mrs. Shackman

FOR sheer fight, doings in the South-Western Championship at Royal Porthcawl cannot well be beaten. In the semi-finals, for example, Miss Pyman only lost at the twenty-first to Miss Bramwell, after being two down and two to play (I try to avoid the debatable "dormy"), and Miss Dent took Mrs. Graham Emery to the seventeenth after being four down at the eleventh. Then in the thirty-six-hole final Mrs. Emery was three down at lunch-time, five down with eleven to play, square with six, and three up and two! Miss Bramwell was round in the morning in 77. After all, to be three down to that was nothing excessive, and Mrs. Emery's long putt to win the first after lunch gave every hope of a game finish. How game, nobody could possibly have foretold, particularly not when Miss Bramwell won the second and went away to be five up. The match looked all over. Then fun began with Mrs. Emery's long putt for a birdie at the eighth, her par figures at ninth and tenth, her long putt for a birdie two at the eleventh. Small wonder that Miss Bramwell missed her drive at the twelfth, and the match was square. Now there was no stopping Mrs. Emery. She won the fourteenth, put a spoon to within a couple of yards of the pin at the fifteenth, and won the sixteenth to be South-Western champion for the third successive time. A very fine performance, making one wonder again why Mrs. Emery has made, so far, no great mark in the Open Championship. Medals have gone to much lesser players than she.

THERE can be no more pleasant hostesses than the Veterans' L.G.A., for they always seem to be enjoying themselves, as well as wanting their guests to do the same. Even defeat from the Girls' G.S. unrelieved by a single win could not damp them seriously, and everybody was extremely cheery amongst the roses and the delectable home-made cakes of Ealing. That is the most amazing of courses, nine miles from Marble Arch (go to the Hoover factory if you want to know exactly where), and fitted in amongst the by-pass and the River Brent and some fine elm trees with an ingenuity which makes it appear probable that the designer was at least first cousin to the man who invented jig-saw puzzles (or were those a fashion of the Phœnicians, Grecians, Assyrians, Egyptians, or other unlikely folk?).

There was only one present Girl playing, Joan Negretti, of whom her defeated opponent's verdict was that "she 's a terrible child to hold." Rather less furious hitting, and a more comfortable, and therefore reliable, stance and delivery over the putts would seem to be all that is needed to make a fine golfer of her. Mrs. Shackman is, comparatively speaking, a Veteran amongst the Girls. Anyway, she putted like one, which is the same as saying that her work on the green was angelic, and she and Mrs. Ernest Hill halved thirteen out of the sixteen holes of their match, all in par figures.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Parliamentary Golf

Mrs. Arthur Bull and Mrs. Sydney Hankey stood for the photographer after becoming runner-up and winner respectively in the Ladies' Parliamentary G.A. tournament at Addington

Indian Golf

The Ladies' Indian Amateur Golf Championship was held at Gulmarg, in Kashmir, and was won by Mrs. H. Armstrong (who was Miss Sylvia Bailey). She beat Mrs. Cumming (right) by 7 and 6 in the final

remember
those agonizing
few
minutes before
your first
solo
flight ? . . .

and how
you
instinctively
lit
a
cigarette ? . . .

and how
you
blessed that cigarette
for the way
it
helped you
to
pull yourself
together ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

FIRST of all, inevitably belated congratulations to Dorothy Round on her magnificent victory in the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon—the way she held on to the formidable Miss Jedrzejowska and eventually beat her comprehensively was beyond praise, a triumph of character no less than skill.

I watched Miss Round in action from an unusual point of vantage—the interior of the B.B.C. television van, which was tucked away in a field behind the stands—and a most impressive experience it was. There is no doubt that the relays from Wimbledon have gone far towards establishing television as a new force in the entertainment world—something much more than a toy for the scientifically-minded.

The scene on the Centre Court appeared on the little screen with wonderful clarity, and it had a beauty of its own, a kind of marionette charm which I found very attractive. Tennis, of course, is ideal for television, and so would boxing be, though it doesn't look as if we shall see Tommy Farr being televised when he fights again.

FARR, as the position stands at present, will be in America, facing the formidable Joe Louis. I say "at present," because this wrangle is by no means over yet. And one of my predictions has come true. Louis is not making the trip to England. He stays in America to fight for his title, and I cannot believe that Farr is wise to chase him there.

The whole business is most unfortunate. All this financial bickering can do boxing no good. It is money all the way, and it leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. "How for everything," as Borrow said of the bruisers of England, "there is a time and a season, and then how does the glory of a thing pass from it, even like the flower of the grass."

Farr's present intention, at any rate, of coming to terms with Mike Jacobs, the Chicago promoter, has nullified the efforts of the British Boxing Board of Control to show the American authorities that they no longer rule the roost. And that is a pity.

RETURNING for a moment to a more pacific pastime, what a great performance Donald Budge put up at Wimbledon! Men's singles, men's doubles, mixed doubles—triple champion, and a Wimbledon record. It was not a lean year, either, and Budge triumphed because his great promise has now fully matured. It is difficult to see who will take the title away from him for some time to come.

From the British point of view, C. E. Hare's match with H. Henkel was decidedly encouraging. Hare ran the German to five sets, and if he had known better how to conserve his energy and produce strategic thrusts at the right time he might well have won. Hare will represent Great Britain in the Davis Cup, and whether our opponents turn out to be America or Germany, we have a tough row to hoe.

I hear that the agitation for an open Wimbledon is cropping up again. It would be interesting to see the avowed

(Concluded on page 80)

The Hon. Noreen Stonor

Watching White's Club

Lord Wharncliffe was at Prince's, Sandwich, for White's Club handicap, and watched play with his two-year-old heir, Alan, Viscount Carlton. Robert Sweeny, playing back-marker from plus 3, added more laurels to his amateur title by beating Eric Martin Smith at the thirty-seventh in the final of the tournament

Left: Noreen Stonor, Lord Camoys' younger daughter, has a fine record as horsewoman for a fifteen-year-old girl. She won first prize at the Aldershot Show this month, and at Olympia all the cups in the pony class were taken by horses from her stables. The Newfoundland's name is Barbara, the pony's Hiawatha

Opening for Cambridge

W. E. G. Payton and P. A. Gibbs opened the Cambridge first innings and the Varsity match at Lord's, when Oxford made their necessary 160 runs for three wickets in the second innings, thus winning by seven wickets

Capt. Ogilvy and Mr. Sarazen

Capt. the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Lord Airlie's only brother, was photographed at Carnoustie with Gene Sarazen. The American was one of several compatriots strongly fancied for the Open, but eliminated himself with a round of 81

This England . . .

Clovelly, N. Devon

HERE is a place, you would say, that cannot change—a museum-piece with its winter flowers and staircase street that knows no petrol fume. And its little Norman church declares that even the lords of the manor have borne one name a good six hundred years—here surely was opportunity for change. Though no older than elsewhere, it is as if a root of that great tree that is England shewed above ground in these parts. Many such roots has England for her strength—in places, in men, and in the habits they have learned. The beer called Worthington, which has not changed these centuries past, is one that in its humble way has added not a little to the grand timber of the English frame.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Summer Sport *(Continued from page 78)*

professionals competing with the avowed amateurs, and now that championship tennis has outgrown the ambitions of the genuine Saturday afternoon player, there appears to be no reason why Wimbledon should not be thrown open to all-comers.

In the meanwhile, Dorothy Round has given us a little fillip to our somewhat subdued national pride. Beaten at Wimbledon, in the Ryder Cup, and in three of the major events at Henley, Great Britain is having a lean time. No need, perhaps, to make a song-and-dance about it; no need, either, to indulge in the old evasions, and shrug our shoulders, and say, "Oh, well—we don't take our games as seriously as all that."

We do take our games seriously nowadays, and we get beaten in spite of it. The fact is that however serious we may be, our organisation is still very inefficient. We do not make proper use of our material. We select and train our representatives casually. And this, it seems to me, is foolish.

The rowing world has had a nasty shake in the last two years. It is something of a portent when the Grand and the Thames Cups and the Diamond Sculls go abroad two years running. What does it all mean? That the glory of British rowing has gone into sad decay? Well, hardly that. Just poor selection and blending of crews and lack of training.

The foreign crews set about the business thoroughly. They prepare intelligently. They leave nothing to chance. And they win. It is true that Jesus College pressed the Wiking Club pretty hard, but Wiking held off the challenge. And Wiking, remember, were third in the Olympic Games rowing, beaten by America and Italy. A British rowing revival is very much overdue, and it might begin round a conference table.

Well Padded

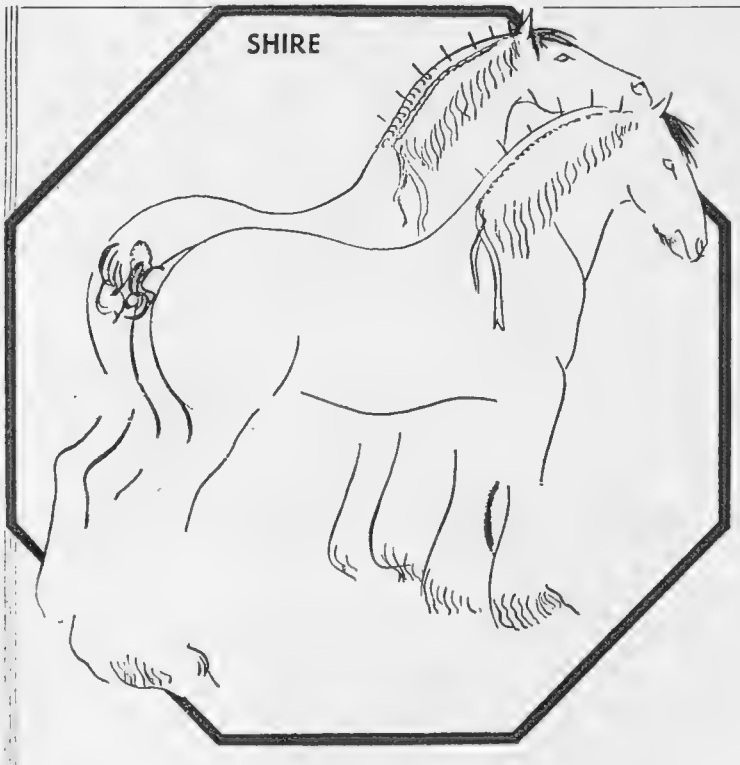
Art and nature have equipped Arthur Johnson as a lacrosse goal-keeper; he is twenty-four, weighs 20 stone and defends the all-American goal, in which he was photographed during practice at Stockport

Even at cricket our stock is not particularly high just now. I say this with due deference to New Zealand, who put up a grand fight in the first Test match, and refused to be finished off. The fact is, though, that England somehow lost grip in a way that horrified those whose thoughts were invaded by the threat of Australia next year.

It was a fine match, with some glorious things in it. The batting of Hardstaff and Barnett, for example, in England's second innings—that was superb. But where was that spirit of aggression in England's first innings? The New Zealand partnership between Roberts and Moloney which saved the follow-on—there was courage and skill in a crisis of the highest order, but what had happened to the England attack?

The England fast bowlers were consistently short of a length, bowling at the field which waits for the defensive jab or the snick. Useless, negative stuff. If Bradman had been facing Gover and Voce, he would have shattered the Tavern with his hooking.

As for the experiment of putting Parks in first with Hutton, and dropping the unfortunate Barnett to No. 6, that was a sad failure. Parks has done brilliantly for Sussex this year, good luck to him, but he is hardly an England player. And Barnett's average, opening the innings for M.C.C. in Australia, was well over forty. I don't like this business of swapping horses in midstream. What we need is a partner for Barnett, and I daresay Hutton will still prove himself to be the man. And what we need in the England side is more devil, if I may use this term of an angelic game.



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Banishes Pinking

An Oasis in the Stress of Modern Life . . .

Where is there time for quiet and lucid thought—for the decisions that make or mar? Only in the silence of your study and in that equally silent and still more comfortable "room" you call your Wolseley Limousine. Speeding effortlessly through space, restfully cushioned in soft cloth, with every convenience—from table to ash tray, perfectly placed for your comfort—the value of this lucid interval between one mental effort and another is worth to you many, many times the cost of this handsome, powerful, modern town carriage. You owe it to yourself to consider the Wolseley 25 h.p. Super Six Limousine from this point of view . . .

This illustration gives a good idea of the exceptionally roomy and comfortable interior. Arm supports, foot rests, ash trays, a useful table—all are perfectly placed for your comfort. With the two folding seats accommodation is available for 7 people with plenty of space to spare. The price of the Wolseley 25 h.p. Super Six Limousine is £750. (ex works). Like all Wolseley cars it is fitted with Dunlop Tyres, Triplex Safety Glass and Jackall Hydraulic Jacks and is covered by "Owner Contact" service, particulars of which your Dealer will gladly give you.

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25 h.p. Super Six Limousine

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BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The Conquest of the Atlantic

By Charles Ward

Hanworth to Johannesburg: the Aircraft Operating Company of Africa has recently despatched a "Double Eagle" to the Union for its air survey work. From l. to r., Marcus Langley, designer; W. D. Corse, chief photographer; J. B. Wilson, test pilot; James Horsfall, director of H. Hemming and Partners; Brian Russell, air survey pilot

An Ocean Journey

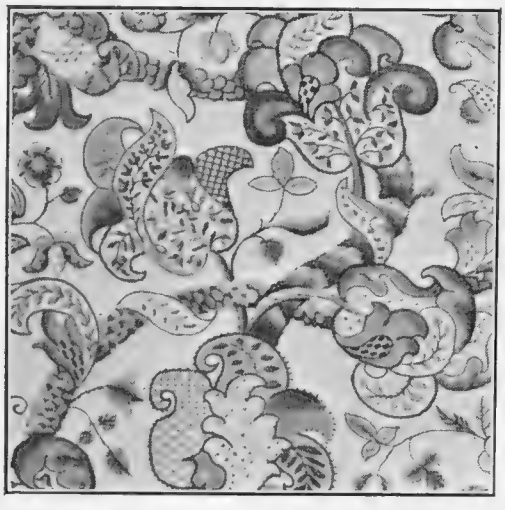
TWICE in one day the Atlantic has been crossed by commercial aircraft, the one British, the other American. It may well be a significant event, not only in the history of aviation, but in the co-operation of the English-speaking peoples for the purposes of trade and goodwill. The American boat, though the slower of the two, made better time with the aid of a push wind. Fuel honours were easy: the "Caledonia" used Shell, whilst the Americans relied on their local "juice," which is also international—Stanavo. K.L.G. provided the sparks for the Bristol "Pegasus" engines, as it did for Alcock and Brown; also our airship R.34 in 1919. Congratulations through the medium of paid advertising space were extended by Thos. Cook, the world's greatest travel agency, and the *Times* referred to the flight as "Bradshaw Over the Atlantic," so there seems no doubt that it is a world-shattering event. Much has been done to make the route safe for flying. Elaborate wireless stations and a weather reporting system planned during the past two years have proved their value. Tests are to be extended to the southern route via Lisbon and the Azores. Also to different types of aircraft, notably the de Havilland "Albatross" and the "Mayo" seaplane. Refuelling in the air and catapult launching are variations that may have a profound effect on the first regular schedule. There is no possibility of a passenger service before 1940, though the mails will be flown perhaps in the late summer of next year. To guarantee regular departures and arrivals over the world's most turbulent stretch of water, many experimental flights must take place. "Caledonia" and the "Clipper" were favoured with good weather. The former flew below the clouds to minimise the effect of a head-wind, making good a speed of 132 miles an hour from an air speed of 150; the Americans flew at 130 and averaged 164 miles an hour. Time-tables for the crossing will need careful calculation to ensure punctual arrival and a sufficient margin of petrol to combat a strong contrary blast. The passage to America will be a rough one, due to the necessity of flying low to avoid the worst of the wind, and conversely, that in the other direction should be a smooth journey, above the clouds and the bumps. Another political point that has escaped many observers concerns the active part to be

(*Concluded on page* iv)

HAMPTONS GREAT JULY SALE

Daily until July 31st. 9 a.m. — 6.30 p.m. Sats. 1 p.m. *Catalogue free on request*

30,000 YARDS of 31" and 50" Printed Linens and Cretonnes reduced by 25% to 33⅓%. All of Hamptons standard quality



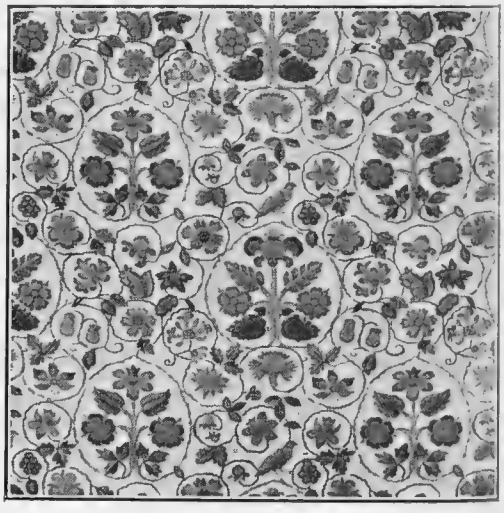
K 999. 600 yards of a Jacobean design **PRINTED LINEN** in two mixed colour schemes: Old Red and Copper, both on a Natural ground. 48 ins. wide. Reduced from, per yard, 4/11 to **3/11**

LOOSE COVERS AT SALE PRICES

The Loose Covers are cut by experts, thus ensuring a perfect fit. **THE COST OF MAKING A LOOSE COVER FOR THE EASY CHAIR ILLUSTRATED,** within the three-mile radius is **9/3**

Material extra. Other models at proportionate prices

THE PRINTED LINEN ON THE CHAIR IS HAMPTONS K.9045. A heavy quality Printed Linen and a practical design for Loose Covers. In two colour schemes: Deep Rose and Green on a Beige ground, and an Orange scheme on a Jade ground. 30 ins. wide. Reduced from, per yard, 2/9 to **1/3½**



K 996. 2,000 yards of **PRINTED LINEN** in three mixed colour schemes: Rose, Blue and Green; Orange, Brown and Blue, both on a Cream ground, also Orange, Brown and Blue on a Jade ground. 31 ins. wide. Reduced from, per yard, 2/11½ to **2/3**

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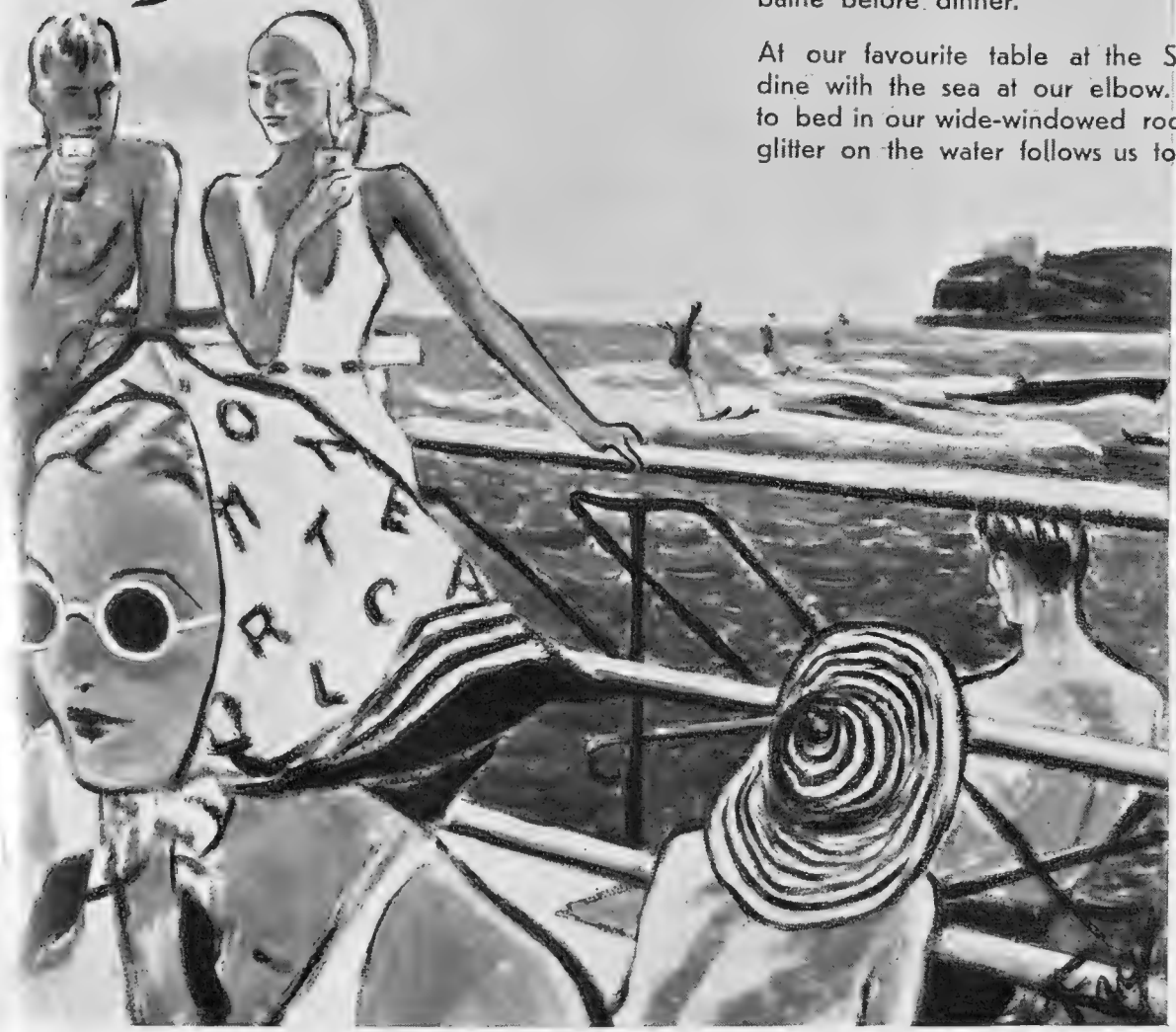
Monte Carlo Beach



Monte Carlo Day—*Accent on the Sea*

To-day we'll rock-bathe, diving off the point into deep water so clear we can see every frond of the waving seaweed fathoms below.

We'll lie in the sun till we're dry and then take a speed-boat and go far, far out, breaking the enamel surface with our sharp bows, looking back at the whole lovely coastline.

After lunch—how hungry we are—we'll go water-ski-ing; we are good at it now, and like to show off to beginners.

We're invited to tennis and cocktails but no, we can't leave the Beach until after our last languid bathe before dinner.

At our favourite table at the Summer Sporting we dine with the sea at our elbow. Even when we go to bed in our wide-windowed room, the silvery moon-glitter on the water follows us to the edge of sleep.

When We Asked About Monte Carlo, They Reminded Us—

About the two **Beach Hotels** right down by the sea, and the famous **Hotel de Paris** in the town, and that this Summer, to prevent overcrowding, the latter's annexe will be open as well.

That en pension terms at each of these include lunch at the **Beach Restaurant** and dinner at the **Summer Sporting.**

About the **Summer Sporting Club** where centres Monte Carlo's night-life — dining, dancing and gambling in the open air.

That nowadays the dance bands play all through the evening, and that **Leo Reisman** and **Carroll Gibbons** from the Savoy (London) have been engaged to make this season's music.

That water-sports include rock, sand and pool bathing, every kind of diving, water-ski-ing, aquaplaning and speed-boating.

That land-sports offer tennis on the **Country Club's** twenty-one hard courts, golf up on the cool heights of **Mont Agel.**

That this year that crazily exciting motor race, the **Grand Prix** around the Monte Carlo houses, will happen in August.

That Monte Carlo food is famous (most great chefs have worked here) and the summer standard is as high as tradition tells.

About the new **"Sun Beach"** cure—sun, sea, air and massage for slimming and browning, plus a special fruit and vegetable bar.

The Conquest of the Atlantic

(*Continued from page* ii)

played by the Irish Free State in the actual working of the Atlantic line. Mr. de Valera was present to bid farewell to Imperial Airways' commander and crew; he also waited to welcome the Americans. Southern Ireland is the key to a successful service, and the responsibility thus placed on its Government is a good thing. The Free State has intimate relations with the United States, and the fact that a joint Atlantic route is essential as between Britain and the States rather forces the hand of the Irish Government to grant maximum facilities to both sides. It is an economic force—not military pressure—that will link the States with Ireland and Britain for the purpose of peace.

News from the Air

THE airport at Ramsgate was opened officially at the beginning of the month by Sir Francis and Lady Shelmerdine. Fine weather and a very adequate display of flying on many different types was enjoyed by all. This is the first of the Whitney Straight group of aerodromes to be completed in every detail. The control buildings, offices, hangars and the landing area itself are modern in all respects. Captain H. H. Balfour, the local M.P., presides over the club, and the Whitney Straight Company is managing the airport and will provide machines for instruction and for the numerous joy-riders from the neighbouring seaside resorts. In a different class is Hamble, where Air Service Training operates a flying university. A new club building is to be ready before Christmas and the clerical staff has now moved into its new block, so that administration of this unique school will proceed with added efficiency. There is a constant addition to the instructing staff to cope with pupils who continue to arrive from all parts of the world. Both de Havillands and Bristols have had successes this month. The chief instructor of the Portuguese Military Academy set up a record flight between London and Lisbon in five hours, seventeen minutes, piloting a "Comet." This was "Black Magic," originally owned by the Mollisons, who made history by flying it to India in just over twenty-two hours—that was in the race to Australia late in 1934. Bristols have recaptured the world's height record—Flight-Lieut. Adam rose to twice the height of Mount Everest in a Bristol monoplane, using Shell for his engine and a specially designed flying suit to contain the oxygen for himself. On Saturday and Sunday next, there is to be a great rally for aircraft and owners at Deauville. More than fifty aircraft had been entered from England alone at the beginning of last week. There is, of course, a regular daily air service operated to Deauville by Olleys.

Lord Swinton, talking to Captain Peter Acland, who is managing director of Westland Aircraft. The firm's latest product, the "Lysander," is in the background. It is now in full production for the R.A.F.

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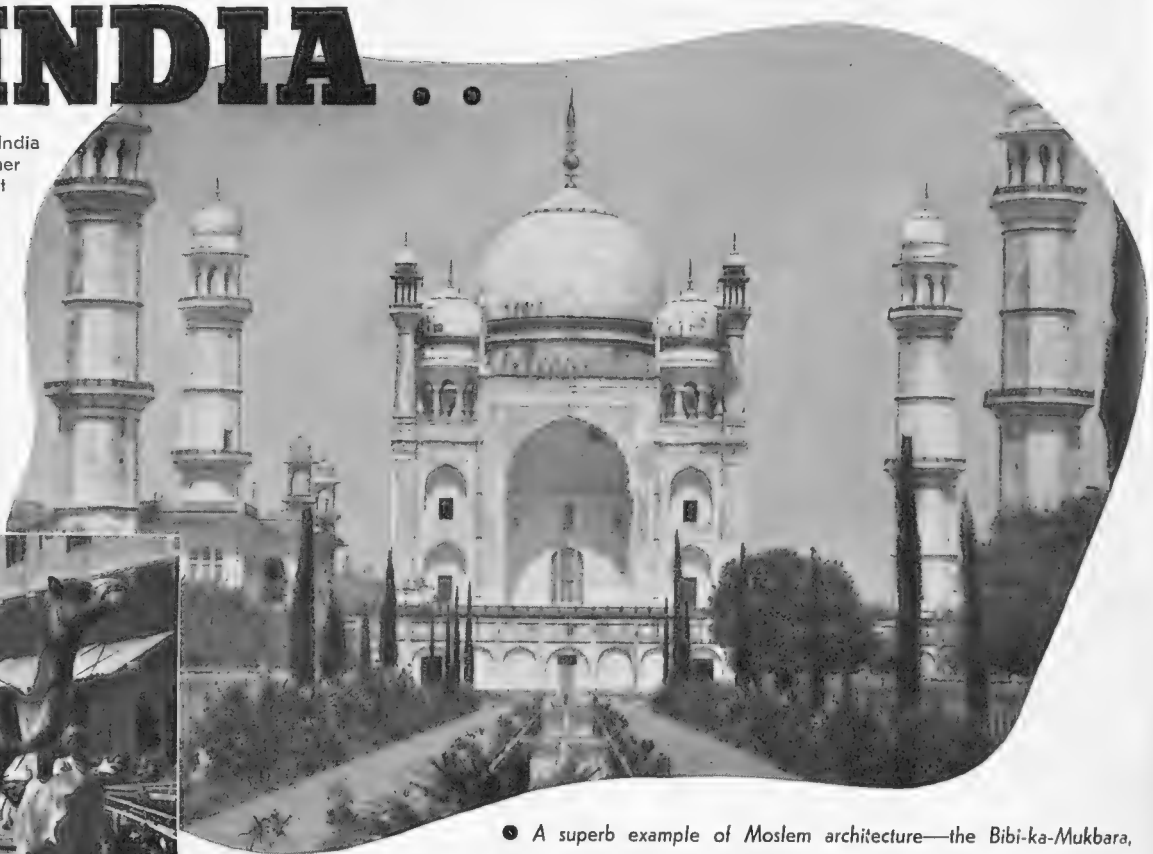

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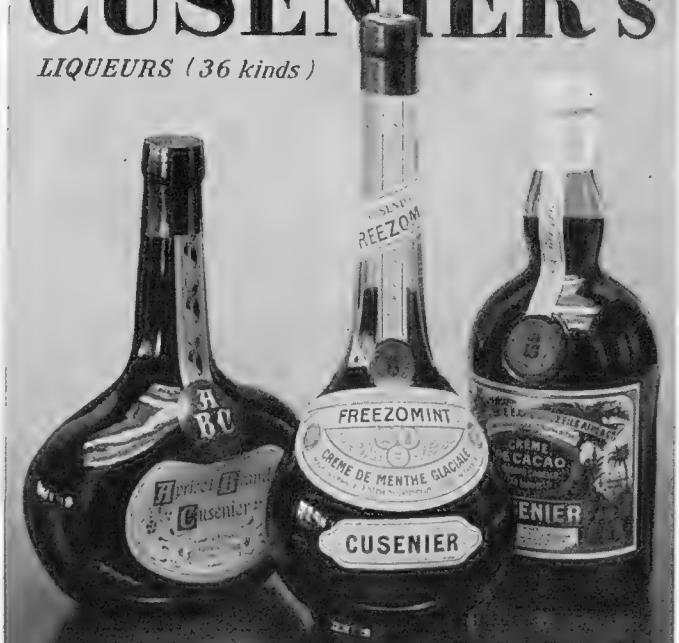

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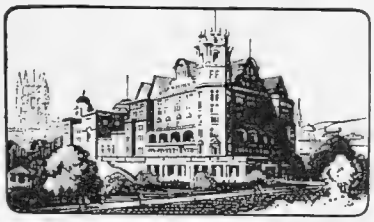

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Self Defence *(Continued from page 66)*

through her veins. It hardened there. Then she walked to the buffet, knelt and banged the back of her head sharply on a corner. She moaned, and for the first time tears poured down her face and scalded the wound in her cheek. Then she grasped the buffet, raised herself, and careened to the telephone.

"The police!" she said, calling the curtain on her carefully-staged drama.

Five minutes later—they seemed hours—the doorbell rang. There was a thump of boots and two rows of brass buttons announced the arrival of the law.

"What 's wrong, lady? What 's the matter here?" Patrolman Mitchell took in the room with a glance. "Oh, so it 's murder, is it?" He turned and glued his eyes to Diane Bentley's white face.

She felt the steel of her will melting, beginning to rush away. She felt a need to scream, hysteria rising like nausea. Dear God, she prayed, not now! She leaned against the door, gripping the knob. Steady, she commanded herself, steady!

"H-m!" the policeman grunted. He went to the telephone. She looked at the great cold wall of his back. Her eyes scuttled around the room. The knife . . . the table . . . the rack . . . the . . . She heard him say, "Send someone from the homicide squad. Guy dead. Looks like murder!"

Terror gripped Diane Bentley by the shoulders, shook her until her face purpled. Sobs tore through her locked teeth.

"Now, now, lady! Snap out of it! Won't do you no good to go on that way!"

The words struck through to her brain. No, it wouldn't do any good. Suicide. Worse—far worse. She looked at the policeman and she said clearly, "I killed him. Yes, I killed him! He tried to kill me——"

"H-m!" Patrolman Mitchell grunted. "Keep it awhile, sister."

She sat down. She cried quietly now, her face in her arms. She went over the story she had to tell. She tempered again the steel of her will. By the time Detective Michael Shawn came into the room she was calm and immovably strong.

She was telling the story. She told it quickly, convincingly. They had lived together. John had promised a divorce. He kept putting it off month to month—almost two years. Her mother was coming to see her. She wanted to leave John. Start life over.

Detective Shawn nodded sympathetically. "Remember," he interrupted, "you don't have to say anything, lady. Anything you say may be used against you," he added perfunctorily.

"I want to tell you everything. Everything!" she repeated. She went on. She couldn't leave him alive, John had said. He 'd been drinking. She was terrified of him when he was drunk. He came at her. . . . Diane Bentley's voice faltered. The detective was inspecting the room. Oh, God! Had she forgotten anything? The lamp . . . the clock . . . the shaker. . . . She counted the props over one by one, while her cued lips spoke the lines of her rôle.

"He beat me. I got away. He went for the knife. Came at me. He had it at my throat. I pulled back—and got it here—on my cheek. You see? I got away again. Remembered the revolver in the drawer of the buffet—for burglars. He was coming at me again. And I—I guess I fired. Then—I guess—I must have fallen, fainted or something. I hit my head—here . . ."

The story gave her confidence. It was real. The room was real. She looked real.

The detective's back was to her and he was kneeling over the dead man. "What knife?" His voice was quiet, asking a question.

"A silver paper-knife—must be somewhere—there it is—there! Near his hand!" Very nearly there was triumph in Diane Bentley's voice. Thank God, she had thought of the knife—concrete evidence he had attacked her. Then she thanked her brain, not her God. She was beginning to be elated. She was beginning to be contemptuous because it had been so easy. A little pain. And self-control. It didn't really take brains to trick any numb-skulled police.

Silence. Suddenly she realised it had lasted a long time when Shawn creaked to his feet. He stood looking down at the body that was now turned over, halfway on its back. Still there was silence, heavy, dooming. Like magnets the women's tarnished gold eyes followed those of the detective's. They were fastened upon a half-smoked cigarette between two death-frozen fingers of John Lambert's right hand.

THE END.

Women's Golf: "Bystander" Monthly Medal Spoon Competition

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the scratch scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to reach the Golf Editor, the Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander Spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

June Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss E. Rushbrooke	Ashford Manor	81	14	67	76	9 below
Mrs. T. F. Wrigley	Heysham	81	13	68	76	8 "
Miss E. Sellors	Cirencester	85	18	67	75	8 "
Miss L. Francis	Malden	83	15	68	75	7 "
Mrs. E. de Moss	Ashridge	83	13	70	76	6 "
Mrs. Munro-Spencer	Hollingbury Park	82	16	66	72	6 "
Miss S. E. Scott	Ranfurly Castle	90	18	72	78	6 "
Mrs. Knight	Shrewsbury	80	10	70	75	5 "
Miss M. Thompson	Radyr	76	10	66	71	5 "
Mrs. G. Buckley	Withington	83	14	69	74	5 "
Miss W. Duncan	Longniddry	89	16	73	78	5 "
Mrs. J. H. Berry	Wetherby	87	17	70	75	5 "
Mrs. M. G. Jones	Morriston	83	17	66	71	5 "
Mrs. C. C. Vincent	Addington Palace	87	18	69	74	5 "
Miss J. Lister	Wetherby	80	9	71	75	4 "
Mrs. P. G. Abel	West Lancashire	80	12	68	72	4 "
Miss B. Blascheck	Richmond Park	81	13	68	72	4 "
Mrs. C. Morris	Shrewsbury	85	14	71	75	4 "
Miss K. Hamilton	West Byfleet	87	16	71	75	4 "
Dr. W. M. Proctor	Dulwich and Sydenham	88	17	71	75	4 "
Mrs. F. A. Prior	Sherwood Forest	87	17	70	74	4 "
Miss E. M. Antill	Chevin	86	17	69	73	4 "
Miss Enid Pears	Harborne	74	2	72	75	3 "
Miss Goldsworth	Birkdale	78	6	72	75	3 "
Miss J. S. Webber	Radyr	79	11	68	71	3 "
Mrs. Mungo Park	Kilspindie	78	11	67	70	3 "
Mrs. H. Pape	Huddersfield	87	13	74	77	3 "
Mrs. Monk	Bramhall	85	13	72	75	3 "
Mrs. J. H. Gow	Ranfurly Castle	84	13	71	74	3 "
Miss B. G. Best	Cleethorpes	82	13	69	72	3 "

Winner of the Scratch Spoon for the best gross return of the month not winning under handicap, Miss Vera Jennings (Cooden Beach), 74. Scratch score of course, 76.

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Perridge	Brocton Hall	90	32	58	74	16 below
Miss K. De Pledge	Davyhulme	90	28	62	75	13 "
Mrs. Jane Moore	West Kent	95	32	63	76	13 "
Mrs. E. Cox	North Oxford	92	34	58	71	13 "
Miss P. Todd	Gorleston-on-Sea	84	22	62	74	12 "
Miss B. Proude	Pollards Hill	83	24	59	71	12 "
Mrs. Astin	Brackenwood	95	33	62	74	12 "
Mrs. G. Greenwood	Keighley	100	34	66	78	12 "
Mrs. H. A. Golden	Shrewsbury	83	19	64	75	11 "
Miss K. W. Bickley	Ladbrook Park	90	28	62	73	11 "
Mrs. K. Green	Ashford Manor	100	35	65	76	11 "
Mrs. Duce	Barry	97	35	62	73	11 "
Mrs. Taylor	Bloxwich	98	36	62	73	11 "
Mrs. Alexander	Northenden	92	29	63	73	10 "
Mrs. A. H. Butler	Shrewsbury	97	32	65	75	10 "
Miss Hallowes	Leek	96	33	63	73	10 "
Mrs. H. C. Beaumont	The Links, Newmarket	101	36	65	75	10 "
Miss O. Sandy	West Middlesex	99	36	63	73	10 "
Miss M. C. Wright	Woodhall Spa	91	23	68	77	9 "
Miss M. Sleigh	Longniddry	96	27	69	78	9 "
Mrs. J. W. Boyle	Hampstead	94	29	65	74	9 "
Mrs. E. W. Barwood	Gorleston-on-Sea	98	33	65	74	9 "
Miss G. E. Hancock	Chilwell Manor	97	33	64	73	9 "
Mrs. Marjorie Harding	Chilwell Manor	99	35	64	73	9 "
Mrs. Watson	West Bradford	98	36	62	71	9 "
Miss D. M. Bowe	Lincoln	86	19	67	75	8 "
Mrs. J. Anderson	Oxley Park	82	19	63	71	8 "
Mrs. W. A. Gammon	Bramley	87	22	65	73	8 "
Miss M. Tracey	North Wilts	88	24	64	72	8 "
Miss D. M. Martin	Willesley Park	93	27	66	74	8 "

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Fayer of Vienna

Joan Haggard

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. Godfrey Haggard, C.M.G., O.B.E., H.M. Consul-Gen. at Paris, and Mrs. Haggard; she has announced her engagement to G. Corley Smith, of H.M. Consular Service

Tunbridge

Olivia Mary Gulland

Is the daughter of the late H. C. Gulland and Mrs. Gulland, of 26, Southwick Street, W., and is engaged to Jorgen Palle Christian Edsberg, son of the late Christian Edsberg and Mrs. Edsberg, of Copenhagen

Pearl Freeman

Jean Cunningham

Is the younger daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral J. E. Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham, of 82, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7; she is engaged to Lieut. Frank Morgan, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Conwy Morgan, of 23, Elphinstone Road, Hastings

Vandyk

Cornelia Mary Burrell

Is the elder daughter of the late Capt. W. N. Burrell and Mrs. J. D. Cawley, of Broomepark, Alnwick, and is engaged to John Eustace Smith, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. P. E. Smith and Mrs. Smith, of Rothley Craig, Cambo, Northumberland

Tunbridge

Susan Long-Price

Is the second daughter of Mrs. John Savary, of The Market House, Sawbridgeworth, Herts., and is engaged to Flt.-Lieut. I. H. D. Walker, elder son of Lieut.-Col. and the late Mrs. J. D. G. Walker, of Hafn, Treaddur Bay, Anglesey

Lenare

Fiona Brown

Fiona Hill Carnegie Brown, daughter of Mrs. Carnegie Brown, of 10, Gordon Mansions, W.C.1, is engaged to Peter Francis Ellis, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ellis, of Debdale Hall, Mansfield, Notts.

Pearl Freeman

Ann Marshall

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. C. Marshall, of Cherry Trees, Kelso; she is engaged to Henry Bell, elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. B. Bell, of Bavington Hall, Northumberland

Vandyk

Elizabeth Gurney

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gurney, of Narborough, Norfolk, and is engaged to Nigel Mytton Thornycroft, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. C. M. Thornycroft, of Wycliffe House, Breinton, Hereford

Phillips — Blackwell

At All Saints' Garrison Church, Aldershot, Captain O. G. A. Phillips, elder son of the late Major R. S. Phillips and Mrs. Phillips, of Milford, Surrey, married Leila Aylmer Blackwell, elder daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Blackwell, of Fleet, Hampshire

Dudgeon — Watkins

At St. George's, Hanover Square, William Gordon Dudgeon, second son of the late W. J. and Mrs. Dudgeon, of Craikaig, Loth, Sutherland, married Peggy Lilian Watkins, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. W. H. Watkins, of Belcombe Court, Bradford-on-Avon

Renny — Wortham

Douglas Renny, K.O.S.B., only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. S. Renny and Mrs. Renny, of Whinrood, Fleet, Hants., and Margot Wortham, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. C. Wortham, of The Red House, Fleet, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

McLaren — Huddleston

Captain James Francis Scott McLaren, the Black Watch, elder son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Russell McLaren, of 34, Carlisle Mansions, S.W., married Cicely Ann Huddleston at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the second daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Huddleston, of Auchengare, Rhu, Dumbartonshire

Stoneham — Read

William Stoneham and Sheila Read were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Stoneham, of Scotsburn, Tunbridge Wells; she is the daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Read, of Stafford Mansions, S.W.1

Dunlop — Macdonald

Captain Andrew Dunlop, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of the late Capt. F. C. S. Dunlop and Mrs. Dunlop, of Beaconsfield, Grove Avenue, Epsom, married Sheila Mary Macdonald, younger daughter of Col. and Mr. Archibald Macdonald, of Blarour, Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire, at Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street

Hartley — Sitwell

The Master of the Temple performed the marriage at the Temple Church between Christopher Hartley, son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Harold and Lady Hartley, of Bosslane, Hughenden, Bucks., and Anne Sitwell, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. W. H. Sitwell and Mrs. Sitwell, of Barmoor Castle, Northumberland

Hamer — de Chair

Richard Hamer, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. A. Hamer, of Cadland, Fawley, Hants., and Elaine de Chair, only daughter of Admiral Sir Dudley and Lady de Chair, of Podenhale, Wentworth, Surrey, were married at Virginia Water Church

Verey — Potter

Henry Philip Verey, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. E. Verey, of Bridge House, Twyford, Berks., and Joan Audrey Potter, younger daughter of the late Arthur Potter and Mrs. Potter, of 12, Sloane Terrace Mansions, S.W., were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Hibbert — Cowan

John Hibbert, youngest and only surviving son of the late Mrs. M. A. Hibbert, and Sheila Mary Cowan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Wallace Cowan, of Rutherford, West Lincoln, Peebles, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Acheson — Newton

David Acheson, only son of the late Captain Vincent Acheson and Mrs. Acheson, of Castlecaulfield, Co. Tyrone, and Keeve Frances Newton, only daughter of the late J. O. Newton and Mrs. Newton, of Innisfree, Garnton, Oxford, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Knight — Jackson

Dr. Wilfred Knight, of Ipswich, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Knight, of Stricklands, Stowmarket, and Barbara Jackson, youngest daughter of Sir Percy and Lady Jackson, of The Woodlands, Scissett, near Huddersfield, were married at Shelmanthorpe, Yorks.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 14 — July 20

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Savoy, 8.30. Mon.. Fri., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Janet Johnson and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues.. Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—Christopher Oldham is the Prince, supported by Torin Thatcher, Gillian Scaife, Cecil Trouncer: Westminster, 7. Wed., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—The costumes are from Korda's still-born *Claudius*, Neil Porter is Julius, Ion Swinley Antony, Eric Portman Brutus: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE KING'S PIRATE.—Careful historically and lively dramatically, it treats of the Raleigh who survived into James I.'s reign; Wyndham Goldie in the lead: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri. 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.—Competent and often wise triangle play with Keneth Kent as husband, Hartley Power and Marie Ney as lovers, Dorothy Hyson as young girl: Haymarket, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—The top production of the summer; Pamela Stanley's Queen is fine acting, Carl Esmond excellent as Albert; the Whistler settings are superb: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed.. Thurs.. Sat. 2.30

WOMEN OF PROPERTY.—Mary Morris heads a big cast in this play about modern Finland: Queen's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music ordinary; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

FLOODLIGHT.—Beverley Nichols' revue keeps a nice standard of sentiment, humour, sense and tunefulness; Frances Day, John Mills, Hermione Baddeley; excellent décor by René Hubert: Saville, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

PAGANINI.—Tauber's singing makes up for his dissimilarity to the original of the name part; Evelyn Laye's for her renunciation rôle in a romantic lavish musical with strong support: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 93.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WONDERFUL WORLD.—This revue will do well for a light giggling evening: Florence Desmond tops a good bill: Palace, 6.20 and 9.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat.. 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy 8.30. Tues., Fri.. 2.30

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40 Tues., Sat., 2.30

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's school life comedy is back again, with the same cast—Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych. 8.30 Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NO SLEEP FOR THE WICKED.—Peter Haddon as a quarter-witted, charming, successful secret agent up against gun-runners in Algiers; Claire Luce, too, in this improbable play: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—By the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*, this thriller about crooks has the same pleasing touch; Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

"To Have and to Hold"

Dorothy Hyson watches Keneth Kent trim a trout-fly in this huntin', shootin' and fishin' play which has some strong currents beneath its smooth surface and Marie Ney and Hartley Power in the foursome lead. At the Haymarket

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER.—Sybil Thorndike as an ex-Suffragette is torn between bovine husband Evelyn Roberts and go-ahead daughter Jessica Tandy; Leon Quartermaine and Margaret Bannerman support St. James's 8.30 Wed. Thurs. 2.30

First Nights

ST. MORITZ.—The Coliseum reopens with this great skating and winter-sports spectacle, set in the place of its title: Thurs., 15th.

COMUS.—Milton's lovely mask is preceded by Nina Theilade's ballet: Open Air Theatre, Mon.. 19th.

CINEMAS

DER AMMENKÖNIG (German).—A clever piece of satire in brilliant rococo setting with Käthe Gold and Gustav Knuth: Studio One.

CALL IT A DAY (American).—Ian Hunter and Freida Inescourt, Olivia de Havilland, Bonita Granville and Peter Willes interpret Dodie Smith's family life comedy: New Gallery.

THE COURT WALTZES (French).—A musical film of the Lanner-Strauss waltz-battle in Vienna and London Curzon.

THE GOOD OLD SOAK (American).—Wallace Beery is the hero of this: Empire.

DER HERRSCHER (German).—Emil Jannings has a stern part as "the boss" in this 1936 prize film: Berkeley.

I MET HIM IN PARIS (American).—Witty dialogue and direction, and amusing acting by Claudette Colbert Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young: Carlton.

KID GALAHAD (American).—Wayne Morris is the kid boxer, Edward G. Robinson his manager, and Bette Davis the girl friend in a tough ringside story Gaumont.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman. Jane Wyatt Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

MICHAEL STROGOFF (American).—A spectacular and lavishly staged subject with Anton Wolbrook supported by Margot Grahame, Elizabeth Allan and Akim Tamiroff: Regal.

MIDNIGHT MADONNA (American).—A little child animates the plot which involves gambling, kidnapping and night-club life; Warren William and Mady Corell Plaza.

SAN QUENTIN (American).—Pat O'Brien and Ann Sheridan in a prison-life film; also *Speed to Spare* (American), a motor racer: London Pavilion.

TOP OF THE TOWN (American).—A large-size musical with Doris Nolan, George Murphy, Gregory Ratoff, the Three Sailors: Leicester Square.

WE FROM KRONSTADT (Russian).—Good acting, camera craft and propaganda in the story of the sailors' part in the Bolshevik revolution: Academy.

OPERA

D'OYLY CARTE.—Gilbert and Sullivan operettas by their most famous exponents: Sadler's Wells. 8 Sat., 2.30

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES at Covent Garden, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SCUOLA DI BALLO, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, PRINCE IGOR.—Wed., 14th (mat.).

LES CENT BAISERS, CHOREARTIUM, CIMAROSIANA.—Wed., 14th.

LES SYLPHIDES, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE, MARIAGE D'AURORE.—Thurs., 15th.

LES FEMMES DE BONNE HUMEUR, LE TRICORNE, PRINCE IGOR.—Fri., 16th.

SCUOLA DI BALLO, SCHEHERAZADE, PRINCE IGOR.—Sat., 17th (mat.).

LES SYLPHIDES, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, L'APRÈS MIDI D'UN FAUNE, DANSES SLAVES ET TZIGANES.—Sat., 17th.

LAC DES CYGNES, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, CHOREARTIUM.—Mon., 19th.

LA CONCURRENCE, L'OISEAU DE FEU, LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE.—Tues., 20th.

UDAY SHAN-KAR.—The Hindu dancer and his company have some new works for their two-weeks' season Gaiety, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (last 3 days).

SPORT

GENTLEMEN V. PLAYERS.—Lord's, to-day, 14th (till Friday).

A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.—White City, Fri., 16th and Sat., 17th.

COUNTY POLO FINALS.—Ranelagh, Sat., 17th.

DAVIS CUP INTER-ZONE MATCHES.—Wimbledon, Sat. 17th, Mon., 19th, Tues., 20th.

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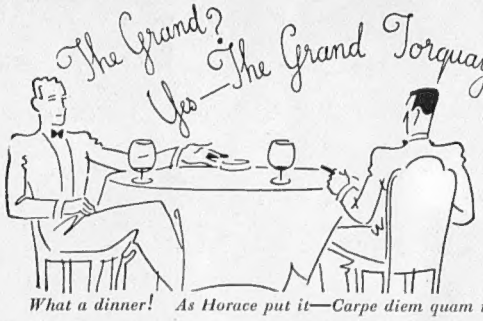

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GEORGE *Now then—save your verses for the chef! But, seriously, here we are, going out to an expensive restaurant and paying about two pounds for dinner, while at the Grand, Torquay, you get this sort of dinner every night, included in the ordinary terms.*

JAMES *. . . credula postulo. What's that—dinner like this every night?*

GEORGE *Yes, they've an Escoffier-trained chef and all the necessary background for good living.*

JAMES *And what, may I ask, is that?*

GEORGE *I mean an absolutely first-class hotel, with a fine situation on the front and on the level, squash, tennis and golf and a procession of sporting fixtures in Torquay, a first-class band of broadcasting fame . . .*

JAMES *You must have been reading their advertisements! All right, I'll try it next week.*

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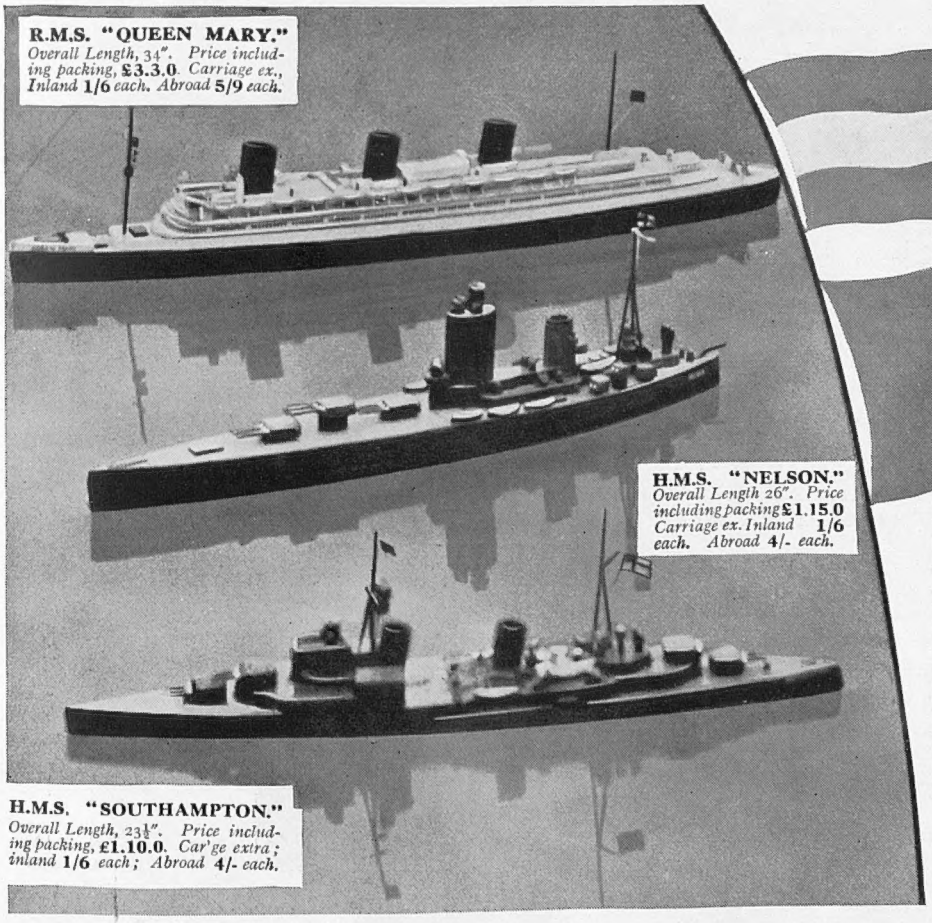

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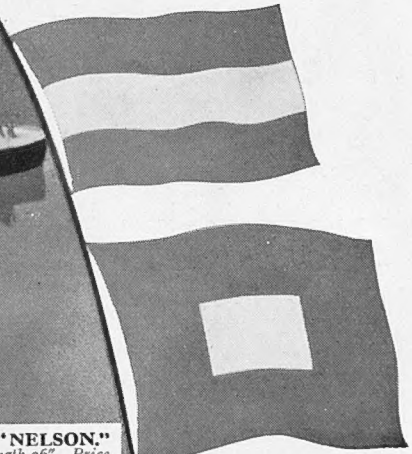

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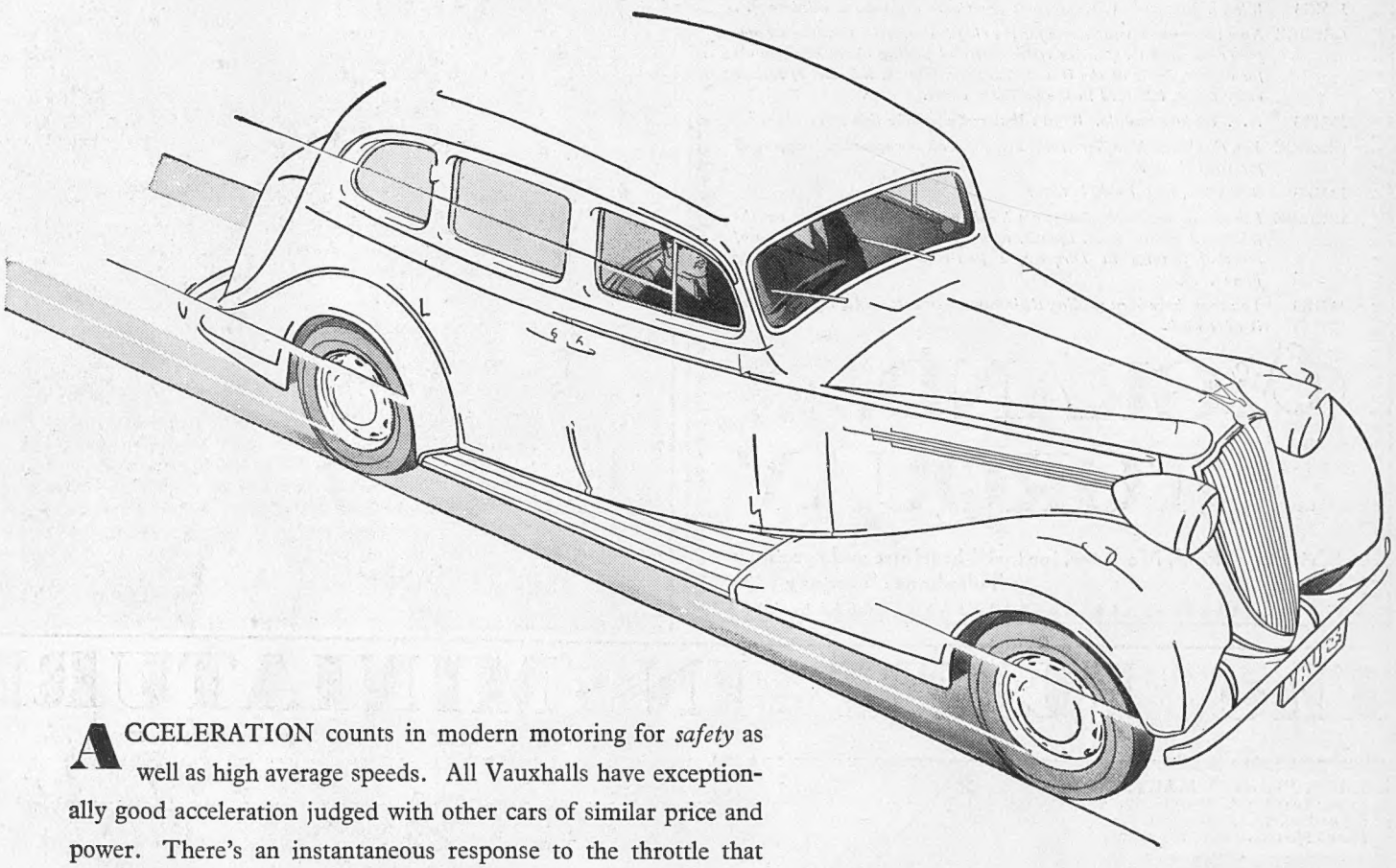

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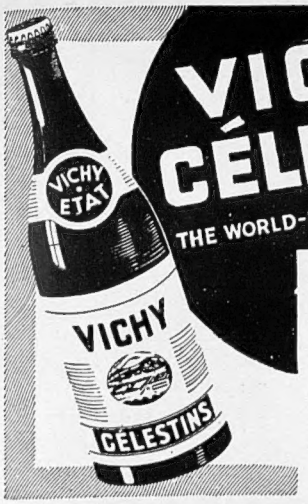

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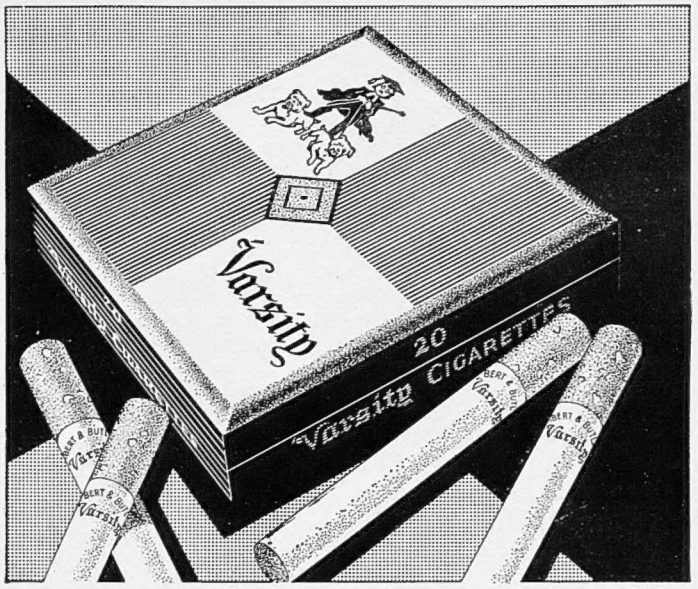

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It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

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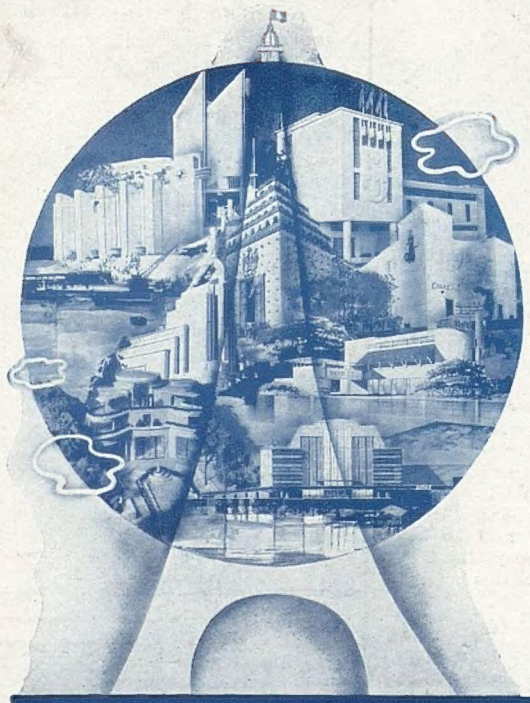

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